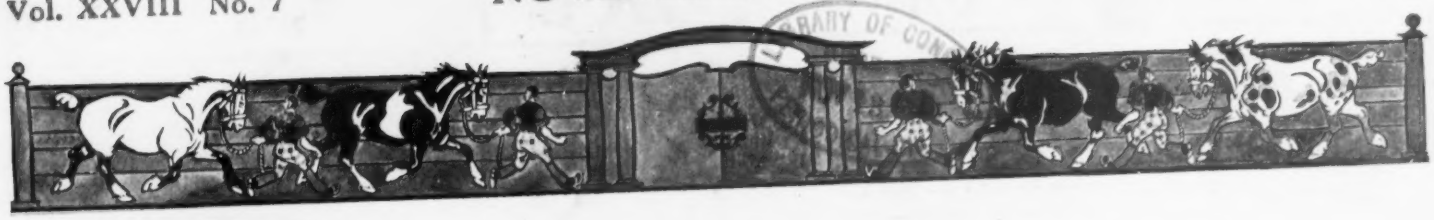
Vol. XXVIII No. 7 NOVEMBER 16 1901 PRICE 10 CENTS



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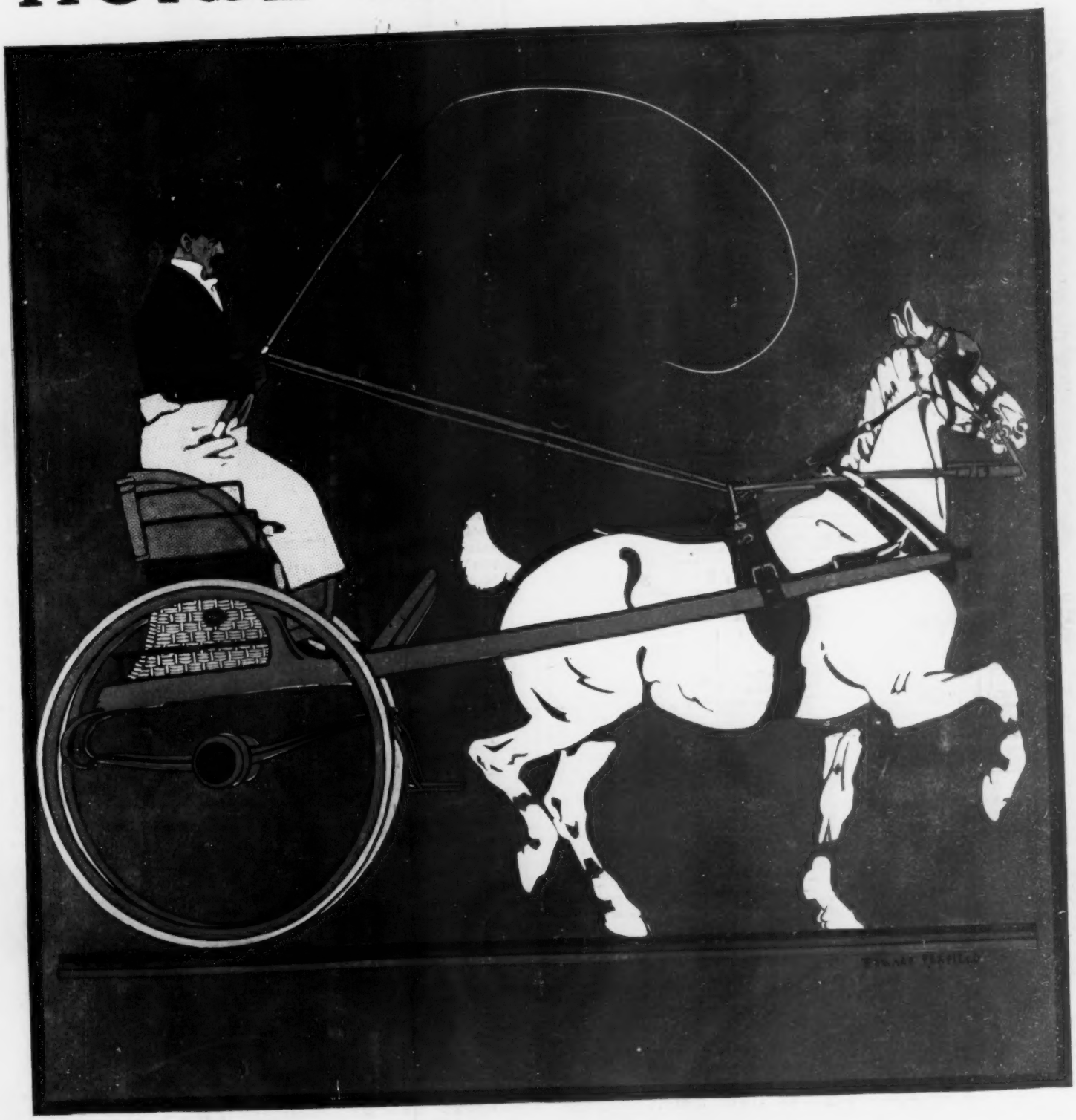

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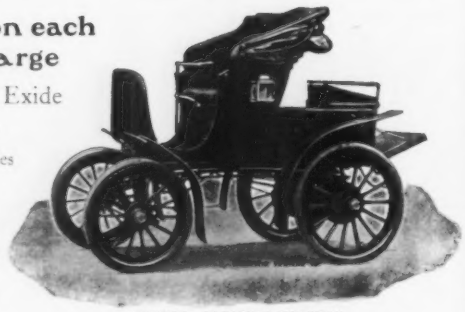

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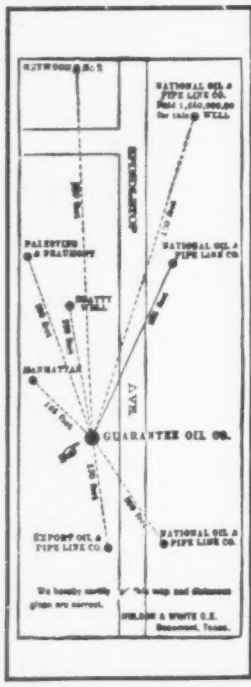

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S. P. ANDERSON.

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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

P. F. COLLIER & SON : PUBLISHERS . Editorial and General Offices 521-547 W. 13th St. 518-524 W. 14th St. NEW YORK

VOLUME TWENTY-EIGHT
NUMBER SEVEN

NEW YORK : NOVEMBER 16, 1901

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ONE OF THE REGULAR GAYETIES OF THE AUtumn, which serves to distract people wholesomely from politics and their other sorrows, is the Horse Show. It has become an institution of every big city and many small ones, and its popularity defies the caprices of fashion and the invasions of the automobile. A few years ago a great many sad people predicted that the horse would soon become as extinct as the dodo, but the jest on that subject in its manifold complications has grown stale already. As Sir Boyle Roche might have said, the horse is in the saddle again. He has grown greatly in money value and quite regained his place in the affections of mankind.

THE HOMECOMING OF THE DUKE OF CORNWALL from his colonial tour was marred by the news of a severe reverse for the British forces in South Africa. The defeat was after the familiar model. A British column pursuing the Boers was surprised by a rear-guard attack in a heavy fog. More than two hundred officers and men were killed or wounded and two guns were captured. The colonel in command lost his life. The attacking force is said to have been led in person by General Botha. That redoubtable leader has shown the most baffling ingenuity and activity since the publication of General Kitchener's proclamation and the gloom in London over the war has been greatly intensified. A correspondent writes from South Africa that hostilities are likely to continue for another year.

FRANCE HAS BEEN FORCED, BY THE EVASIVEness of the Sultan over the quays concession, to send a squadron to the Eastern Mediterranean. Some of the other powers have also sent ships to watch the proceedings. These measures if adopted against almost any other government would mean war, and even as it is there is considerable uneasiness over the situation. But the Sultan has been so often forced to pay his debts "at the point of a gun" that his feelings are not liable to be hurt beyond repair by the burly demonstration of the French.

NEW YORK CITY HAS BEEN LOOKED UPON AS SO obdurate toward the suggestions of reform that even those who were most hopeful of Mr. Low's election were troubled by many doubts and fears. But the result shows that when the issue is fairly well defined between good government and bad, the people of New York are capable of making the right choice with an intelligent disregard of partisan adherence. The election of a Republican over a Democrat of high character by a Democratic city ought to be enough to put heart into the movement so often defeated, but so steadily progressing, to purify the politics of our big cities. Nothing was or could be said against Mr. Shepard personally. He is a man of very high character; but the voters, or a majority of them, refused to overlook the issue. It was not Mr. Shepard who was defeated, but the police bully, the bribe-taking public officer, the corrupting corporation manager, the blackmailer of unfortunate women, the pander to vice and all the rest of a bad lot who had taken up a good man as a target against the wrath of the people.

THE REFORMERS HAVE NEEDED JUST THIS SORT of encouragement, but we may hope that they will not revel too much in the victory. Persistency has not been their chief virtue in the past, and it is only by constant fighting that they can make the landslide for Mr. Low a permanent blessing to New York. They might take a leaf from the experience of their friends in Chicago. The government of that city was, at one time, the most corrupt conceivable. The Common Council was a scandal to the world. Four-fifths of it was bought and sold like cattle at a fair. In a few years a small body of earnest young men, who possessed the finest soldierly traits, the capacity to resist equally enervation by victory and discouragement by defeat, had so changed the character of the Board of Aldermen that it is now fairly representative of the honesty and intelligence of the people it represents. Mr. Jerome, in New York, seems to be capable of this sort of work. He has gone into the fight with enthusiasm and workmanlike industry, and he shows staying qualities that are more needed than either enthusiasm or industry.

THE RESULT OUGHT TO BE A GOOD THING FOR the Democratic party, for Tammany, under its present leadership, has been a serious encumbrance to the part . Whatever good qualities as a political leader Croker may have had, he possessed the very bad faculty of driving educated men and independent men out of the organization. He seemed to dislike to have that sort of person in his neighborhood, and the result of his antipathy to intelligence and independence has been to steadily lower the average of real ability in the party councils. His friends up the State followed his example, and out-and-out political rogues or complacent second-rate respectabilities received the homage that used to be paid only to men like Seymour and Tilden. The mischievous consequences of this policy of ignorant tyranny have been felt beyond the borders of New York State in national politics. Now that Croker has been pitched out, there may be a chance for an organization in which brains and decency can take their place without a shudder, and that will be a good thing for the Democratic party and a good thing for the country, and not a bad thing for the Republican party, which might be endangered by the feebleness that always overtakes an organization that has no opposition.

THE STATE ELECTIONS SHOWED LESS THAN THE customary off-year reaction against the party in power at Washington. The Democrats reclaimed Kentucky and Maryland and held their own in the rest of the South, but the Republicans were generally successful in the North, carrying New Jersey, Massachusetts, Ohio, and Iowa for their State tickets. In Pennsylvania, the Quay people overcame a determined movement against them. Pennsylvania seems hopeless to the reformer.

ACCORDING TO THE VERACIOUS CORRESPONDent of a New York newspaper, the lot of the President of Colombia, never very happy, has been made miserable by the burly methods of the politicians. The Presidential station so little impresses these fiery statesmen that they have actually kidnapped the Chief Executive, an old gentleman named Sanclemente, and jolted him in a sedan chair over the mountain roads from a place where he wanted to be to a place where he didn't want to go. It is not possible to make even a guess at the importance of this brusque action in the political games of our sister republic, but we should say in a general way that the kidnapping of a President ought to have some significance.

IT IS ANNOUNCED THAT GREAT BRITAIN HAS consented to the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty and the elimination of the provision of the Nicaraguan treaty forbidding the erection of fortifications, and consented to the sole guarantee of this government on the neutrality of the canal. English public opinion seems to have veered around completely on this question and to accept the situation with sensible good-nature. But in distributing praise for the results soon to be laid before Congress, the much-abused Senatorial opposition to Mr. Hay should not be forgotten. It is to them rather than to the diplomats that we owe the agreement which ensures an Isthmian canal, built, owned, fortified, and protected by the United States alone. As for the neutrality of the canal, the sensible view is taken by the London "Spectator," which says: "An American canal, like everything else American, will be used against America's enemies in case of war"; and adds, honestly, "Whatever jurists may say, we should do the same in the case of the Suez Canal."

LAST WEEK THE DEATH OF TEN CHILDREN FROM lockjaw was reported from St. Louis. The victims had all been inoculated by employés of the City Health Department with the anti-toxin serum against diphtheria. As the tetanus germ comes from the soil and from nowhere else, it is certain that this extraordinary and pitiful sacrifice was the result of somebody's carelessness. To a layman, the occurrence would seem quite inexcusable. It is particularly sad to think that a discovery intended to destroy the worst scourge of childhood should be the means of introducing one of the most hideous of diseases.

THE FINAL CHINESE PROTOCOL, WHICH HAS been so long in suspense that we suspect nearly everybody had forgotten it existed, has been published. According to its terms, China agrees to forbid the importation of arms and ammunition, to pay the powers an indemnity of $333,000,000 in gold out of her revenues, to suppress the anti-foreign societies, and to do a lot of other things that are thought to tend toward the comfort of strangers in China and the peace of the world. The only question now is one of performance. The protocol recalls the familiar story of the man who had offered a great sum for a hotel. "But," said his friend, "you haven't the money." "I know," said the financier, "but wasn't it a fine offer?" Nothing can be said of this protocol except that as a promise it is most promising. There is very little to show that the Chinese Government has undergone a change of heart toward foreigners, and, indeed, who could expect to see that ancient heart changed by the events of a few years? It is said that the amusing and conversational Mr. Wu is to be recalled from Washington because of his intimacy with the hated white man.

ONE OF THE INFLUENCES THAT MIGHT HAVE aided, however slightly, in the reform of China was lost in the death of Li Hung Chang, the best known of Chinese statesmen to the Western world. He was a friend of European and American public men, and was on particularly intimate terms with General Grant, and he did what he could to bring about intelligent friendship between his government and the Christian powers. If he had enjoyed his way, the disastrous war with Japan would have been avoided and the Boxer outbreak never would have occurred. Recently, he had been useful as a means of communication between the powers and the reigning dynasty, and it will not be easy to find a man to take his place as intermediary. He died at the age of seventy-eight.

CHICAGO, WHICH GAVE THE WORLD THE UNION of Domestic Servants, or hired girls, is responsible for a union of professional pallbearers, although the idea is said to have travelled west from Washington. The union will attempt to obtain a charter from the Federation of Labor. In the interests of public peace it may be hoped that the relations of these useful workmen with their employers will never become strained. Otherwise, no one can begrudge the pallbearers anything that may tend to improve their condition. Their employment must be a melancholy one, although we have observed that undertakers are generally a jovial race and apparently well content with their profession and its duties, and the old writers always made a wag of the gravedigger.

A FALSE REPORT THAT MRS. ROOSEVELT HAD said she "dressed on three hundred dollars a year" caused much interest, some applause, and a good deal of pain and anger—the last sensations arising in the breasts of fashionable dressmakers. The White House was deluged with letters, some asking how the feat could be accomplished and a few, we suppose, inquiring as to the ways of getting three hundred dollars to dress on. The Lady of the White House stilled the tumult by saying she had never made the remark. But, incidentally, a great light was thrown on the ever-present subject of dressmakers' bills, and the main question remains, "Can a woman dress on three hundred dollars a year?" We shall not attempt to decide it, but we have a suspicion, verified by a look around us and a general impression of the average wage, that she not only can, but has to and does, if she can get the money.

THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION AT BUFFALO came to an end on November 2. Although its closing days were disfigured by one of the saddest tragedies in our history, the fair will be long remembered as a fine display of the artistic taste as well as the enterprise and courage of the people of Buffalo. It is needless to say that it did not pay. The public expectation of grandeur has been so developed that now the only alternative presented to the directors of a world's fair is to disappoint the public or disappoint the shareholders. Financially, the great Chicago exposition was not a success. The last Paris exposition failed by many hundreds of thousands of francs to make both ends meet. Whether these expositions are good for the city that holds them is a question. At all events, they are good for the people who attend them. No one who went to Buffalo this summer or fall will soon forget the beauties of the exposition or the hospitality of the people. But something besides kind remembrances is required by those who invest their money in these vast enterprises, and it is a question whether the public has not had enough world's fairs for the present. Perhaps their appetite may be sufficiently refreshed before the great exposition at St. Louis throws open its gates.

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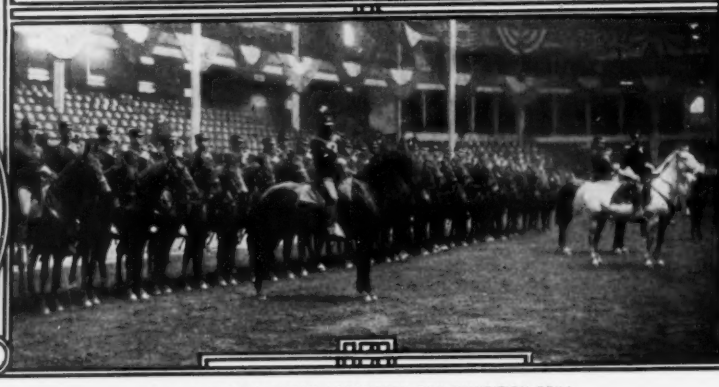


A LINE OF CAVALRYMEN ACCOUTRED FOR EXHIBITION DRILL

A WARMING-UP GALLOP

CLASS HORSES AT THE HORSE SHOW

By WILFRED P. POND

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the National Horse Show Association at Madison Square Garden bids fair to eclipse all records of that well-attended function. The entries total 1,434, as against 1,363 in 1900: a fact which speaks volumes in itself.

As it stands now, the show, good as it is, is not exactly a cosmopolitan equine gathering. The mighty thoroughbred, the peer of his kind, the progenitor of the unequalled trotter and the backbone of all stamina, courage, and general desirableness in a horse, is almost conspicuous by his absence. Last year, but four animals under this class were shown, and they were not Ethelberts, representing the matured excellence; not McMeekins, Kilmanocks, etc., showing the marvel of middle growth; no Commandos, of two-year-old fame; in their stead was the poor crippled Belmar, and others scarcely known as public performers, whose only hope to excellence is the very questionable factor of a future in the stud.

THE TEST OF THE THOROUGHBRED—THE RACE-TRACK

To attempt to judge a thoroughbred sire's qualities in the show-ring is deemed ridiculous by practical authorities. The only real gauge is the race-course, and nowhere else can the mechanical, physical or intellectual qualities—the three great items—of a horse, be properly developed. The former gives outward shape and construction, the physical develops internal soundness and motive power, and the intellect relates to the will and power to put the other two in action. Therefore, it is held by the highest authorities that at the winning post, not in the show-ring, must one look for demonstrated values for breeding purposes. That is one great reason why the thoroughbred does not appear more prominently at this show. Nothing can be gained; breeders would poohpooh any awards; and to gain them, valuable brood mares, and progeny, invaluable sires, must be transshipped at a bad season of the year, risks of cold taken, and the records show that never has this been done to thoroughbred stock of value without the owners regretting it.

The strong points of a horse show are the saddle and jumping horses, and the various harness classes. Of the saddle horse much may be learned: his paces are shown, his "points" commented upon, and an observer will soon catch the trick of assessing points to tally with the judges.

HALF-BREEDS FOR CROSS-COUNTRY RIDING

The jumping classes attract much attention, and, with the hunters, are supposed to demonstrate the qualities of the half-breed. That great Homer nods sometimes was shown by an award in this class last year going to a thoroughbred. It is the general dictum of well-posted cross-country riders that although a thoroughbred will have speed enough to lose a half-breed on the flat, when it comes to cross-country, rough going, the half-breed will simply kill the thoroughbred. It is claimed that all half-breed animals should be sired by thoroughbred sires, but how many of those in the ring fulfil this qualification is unknown. Actually, recently a controversy raged in favor of half-breed sires and thoroughbred mares. As show animals, pure and simple, the entries this year are a fine lot. Chappie, erratic but beloved of the ladies, is said not to be entered in the jumping class, and will be missed; but there is Suzette, Richmond, American Beauty, Amarette—all winners last year—with Pearl, the chronic kicker. These will top tall timber, and although there may not be a horse like the Leo of Mr. Fred Gebhard, who clears obstruction, fence, and spectators, jumping anything placed in front of him, there will be Sure Pop, who recently made a new record of seven feet four inches, carrying one hundred and fifty pounds, and Clarence Moore's Kohinor, Adam Beck's Socrates, Invader, and Glencoe, S. D. Ripley's Molly, C. H. Hurkamp's Kinloch, Pierre Lorillard's Hearts, H. B. Duryea's Clara Barton, Samuel Willett's Suzette, H. P. Whitney's Dorothy Manners, J. R. Colt's Alderminster, J. R. Macomber's Donovan and Royal Arch, F. Ambrose Clarke's Nightingale and Red Oak, Charles Pfizer's Your Fellow, the Elkridge Hunt's Fritz and Emory, Hart Brothers' Claymet and Richmond, A. J. Cassatt's Clipper and Ruby, and many others; these represent the best stock from the South and North.

Hackneys, the ideal show horse, have greatly increased entries, showing that its vogue still stands the test, and among them is the perennial winner, Fashion, Clifton II., and others.

Trotters of all types will have some grand animals, headed by Dreamer, Highland Baron, Rosola, Altamont, and other winners, and, while these will be "speeded" around the ring, but little idea of their marvellous speed can be shown, and they must be accepted on their looks and movement only. Nevertheless, it is one of the most magnetic classes of the exhibition. Tandems have never been so large, and instead of thirty-seven four-in-hands, as last year, fifty-two will enter the lists, this feature being made more attractive than usual by the recent road records made between here and Philadelphia, cutting established European records to tatters, and evidently other attempts to beat it will be made.

Ponies are the children's great hold, and there are more than ever. All sizes and all types, with some wonderful English specimens.

The Horse Show must be taken rather as a spectacle than as the "Horse Show" which the name denotes. As a social function it is unsurpassed, unequalled anywhere in the world, its attraction with its police, cavalry, fire department, etc., adjuncts, is unimpeachable, but is it a Horse Show as the words indicate?

Never before has the Horse Show principle received such support as this year. In all parts of the country shows are being held, some exceedingly pretentious, others in social colonies where show class ran very high. Most of these will be made annual functions, but over them all, super-excellent in every detail, in arrangement, quality and number of exhibits, richness of prizes and attendance, stands the great Show of the National Horse Association in New York.

FASHION AND THE HORSE

By SARAH GRAND, Author of "The Heavenly Twins," Etc., Etc.

THE KING OF GREAT BRITAIN (x) GREETING HIS FAVORITE HORSE AT THE "GRAND NATIONAL"

SARAH GRAND

THE HORSE we have had always with us, and therefore we treat him with scant consideration, as is our way with the accustomed. He is not much thought about or talked about, as a rule—receives but little attention except in the sporting world or the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, or when he has to be bought or sold for our convenience, or is a cause of anxiety, being valuable and ill. Gentlefolk do not boast about their horses, the *parvenu* does, and by that shall ye know him. But, in order to gauge the proper place of the horse in our estimation, question the probability of losing him from our lives altogether, and you will again find that it is with him as with the accustomed generally—he cannot be spared; and we vow, without a moment's reflection, that life would be impossible without him.

That much of the good of life must go with the horse and much of the grace and beauty is certain. In what other exercise should we find the healthy exhilaration of a fine gallop? What, in comparison, will my lady's pomp and state be worth for beauty when she descends from a motor-car aided by a footman in the guise of an engineer, instead of alighting from her carriage to the rattle of burnished harness and the impatient stamping of her high-spirited thoroughbreds? Will the bicycle ever stir us to fine flights of the imagination? Or the automobile brace us to anything more heroic than the desire to run away—like the brutal Frenchman who rides down some hapless peasant or crushes a little child beneath his wheels, and rushing on unheeding, callous, a shame and a disgrace to mankind? There is no fear of any English-speaking race ever being so brutalized:

"We are not made of so slight elements—"

But, our humanity being safe, are there not other qualities of worth to be lost were our hold on the horse to slacken?

A SQUIRE OF THE OLD SCHOOL AND HIS DAUGHTER

Would that old Master of the Foxhounds, our grandfather, up at daybreak on a clear winter's morning, rosy and vigorous and fresh himself, honored and respected, without sense of a care in the world, although not over-rich for his position, a man of his word, a gentleman, in fact incapable of meanness or deceit—would he, were he here on his horse—would he do well to change places with the jaded business man in his motor-car, whose wealth, whether honestly come by or not, brings him no blessing of health, no extra power to enjoy, none of the glad exhilaration which comes of simple living, fresh air, and hard riding?

The daughter of the English country squire, cantering over her father's fields, or among the tall green hedgerows in shady lanes, dreams of the day when she will come out, make her courtesy to the queen and loyally kiss the beloved hand, and then be free to ride in Rotten Row—the admired of all admirers, she would like to believe, but modesty forbids, and the hope unformulated finds silent expression in an exquisite blush. She is sympathetic and good, that English country girl, with her easy, gracious manner, her soft, cultivated voice, her laugh, which is not the silvery laugh of fiction but the soundless laugh of good society (which is not Smart society). Her address is both assured and diffident. She is assured because she is sure of her position and of polite consideration from all whom she may meet; but she is not so sure of herself—of her own merits, for she has no self-conceit. She is as gentle and as far from being presumptuous as was her beautiful great-grandmother, who rode in a long flowing skirt, a plumed hat with fluttering veil, and her whip held at her side at a dainty but quite ineffectual angle. In appearance, she is not such a delicate beauty as the elder lady was, for she has sacrificed her roseleaf skin; her cheeks are sun-smitten and her hands are brown; but she is healthier and happier than her grandmother, and her iron nerves will carry her calmly through every trial of her woman's life. She is a bolder rider, too; for her grandmother's performances were hampered by many conventions—her clumsy costume, for instance; the fear of freckles, and the precept that ladies should never be coarsely courageous. She had, also, to contend against the smoldering animosity of the ungallant sportsman of her day, who resented the intrusion of women into any walk of life in which he might be inconvenienced by them or wherein he might enjoy himself better without them. There are horrid stories about him which prove that he was not ashamed to put the grace of wife or daughter to profit by mounting her on a dangerous horse to show him off when he had one to sell; but, as a rule, the ladies of the English landed gentry of those days were only tolerated at the meet as a favor, and were guarded from risk like precious possessions.

THE HUNTING WOMAN

The modern Englishwoman is among the boldest, best, and most confident riders to hounds. She comes to the meet in her sailor hat perhaps—certainly if she finds it more comfortable—a covert coat, long boots, and a habit cut short to the ankles—a mere apron of a thing which does not pretend to conceal her breeches, and is, on foot, the ugliest and most indecent dress ever worn by a woman, but is accepted as a matter of course because of its practical utility. By a curious contradiction, however, the same woman who walks about in the stable yard among the grooms in her habit without shame would not be seen in the equally useful and much more graceful knickerbocker costume worn for the bicycle by women everywhere in France.

The hunting woman would not sacrifice her day's sport for any other pleasure on earth. But it means more than the chase to her; it means glowing downs, radiant with color, the beauty and sweetness of earth, the balsamic perfume of pure air, and health and strength. After hours in the saddle, she will return to the Hall, and bathe and dress and dine and dance till midnight; and then be up again, keen as the north wind for more exercise, and fresh as the new day.

Fashion and the Horse—what a horrible combination of ideas! But what is coming? "What is coming, who can say?" Many could say, an they would, but they will not. The dim future would not be dim to them if they dared to look into it; but they do not dare. They know, and they know that they know, but they will not acknowledge. For how can they help knowing, those who have been caught in the whirl of "rapid transit," who have had every nerve jarred by the racket of electric cars, and all their sense of the beautiful outraged by the hideous automobile? Time was made for slaves, and man has become the slave of time. Life nowadays is distorted by hurry and rush; a fever of haste is upon us. Excess destroys our capacity for enjoyment, yet all that we do we do in excess. We give ourselves no time to be glad. We no longer sip our pleasures delicately, we gulp them down wholesale—a proceeding which is as coarse as is the expression of it. Machinery is the outcome of the age, and our habits threaten to be regulated by it. This is the day of mechanical contrivances. Man makes machines in the pride of his intellect, nor casts a thought upon the possibility of himself becoming in turn machine-made. He does not dread, because he does not yet foresee the day when, if he sacrifices spiritual power to material progress, it must be said of him that the making of machines was the marring of man.

When changes suit him, he takes them philosophically; he shrugs his shoulders and reminds us that "the Fashion of this World passeth away." He dismounts from his horse, whereon he sat and looked and was a man for ages, and, taking his seat on a motor-car, he looks and is and will still more become—part of a machine. We are lords and rulers of life, and change is not arbitrary but our puppet if we choose to hold it so. Changes are inevitable, but all changes are not for the best; some should be countenanced and some not allowed. When a change comes like an importunate person, forcing his company upon us to our great discomfort, we should show it the door. And any change which lessens our capacity for enjoyment should be discouraged.

THE HORSE OF HISTORY—AND HIS FUTURE

Fashion and the Horse have not hitherto been associated, because there was no connection between the two. Since before the beginning of days, when Jehu drove furiously, the horse has not been a fashion but a necessity, a pleasant necessity, an addition to our joy in life, a dear delight. He carried the soldier to his fight for freedom, stepping proudly as though because of his gallant burden. Young lovers he bore away to bliss. The old and staid owed him many a flash of youth. He drew the feeble forth from the sad sick-room to the blessed light of day, the sunshine and bright air, and all that makes for hope and the courage to live. The enterprising owed to him "the joy of eventful living." He was the traveller's companion, the Arab's friend. Joyously he stepped to the bridal; and to the grave he drew the beloved dead as though he too mourned.

In all our glimpses of the past he figures—in history and romance, in war and peace, in song and story, from Bucephalus to the white charger of Napoleon, from Absalom's end to Godiva's triumph. He was the prop alike of church and state. Pope and prelate and cardinal prince pass in array before the mind's eye with proud affectation of humility. There are the "abbot on an ambling pad," and Lancelot and Guinevere when they "rode to the divided ways and kissed and parted weeping," and Arthur surrounded by his knights, all veiled in creeping mist, as he fared forth from that last farewell to meet his doom. Queen Elizabeth joins the cavalcade on her "richly caparisoned palfrey," and Mary of Scotland, mounted on the warhorse of some faithful squire, flies for her life. We know how the good news was brought to Ghent. We have sung:

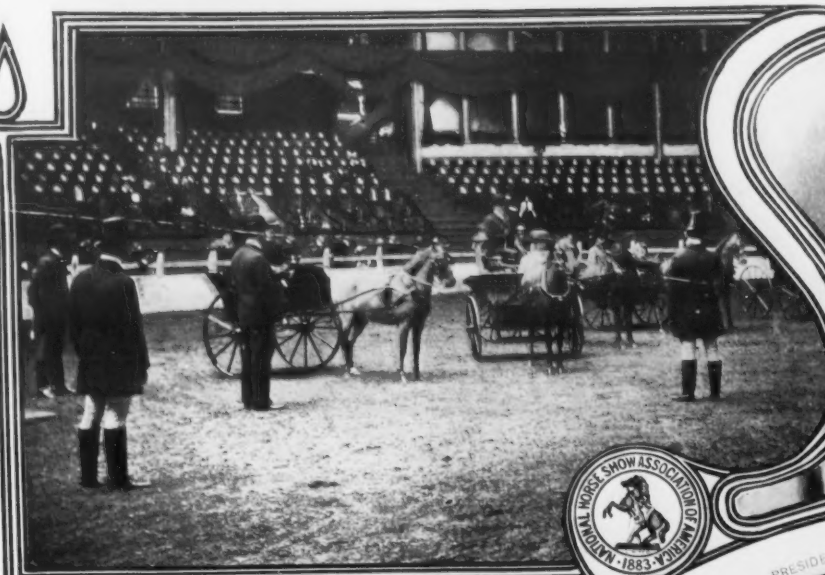
"Dick Turpin once on Hounslow Heath
His bold mare Bess bestrode her."

We have ridden with Count Maddelo along the belt of land that breaks the flow of Adria toward Venice. We have galloped on the hard sand at the water's edge for miles, with the sea breeze fanning faces flushed with excitement and the sea song in our ears, when—

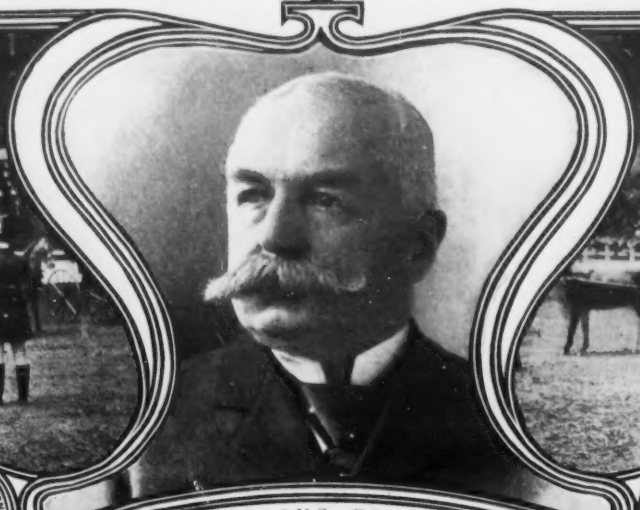
"The blue heavens were free,
Stripped to their depths by the awak'ning north:
While, from the waves, sounds like delight broke forth,
Harmonizing with the solitude and sent
Into our hearts aerial merriment."

We have a "Last ride," too, when we rode together. We have cried, "My kingdom for a horse"—and have been ecstatically happy in our dreams, cantering on the soft turf by the roadside on the sturdy pony of well-defined character whom we had to share with our sisters.

Pillion and post-chaise and stage-coach are no more. They have gone, and are not regretted. And the horse as a beast of burden may go and not be regretted. The tendency is, in fact, to be shocked as at the degradation of a noble creature when we see him in servitude, suffering indignities. But must we lose him as a friend, a help to health, a help to happiness? The pressure of hereditary association is strong in us; before that possibility we make a stand, against it we are fired to rebel.



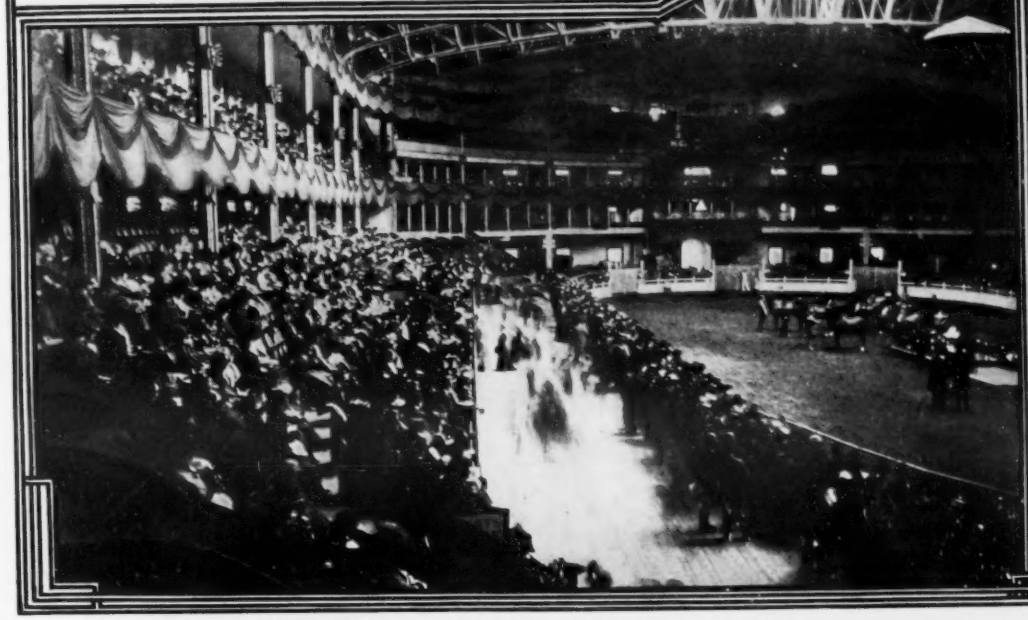
A PRETTY MORNING EVENT—



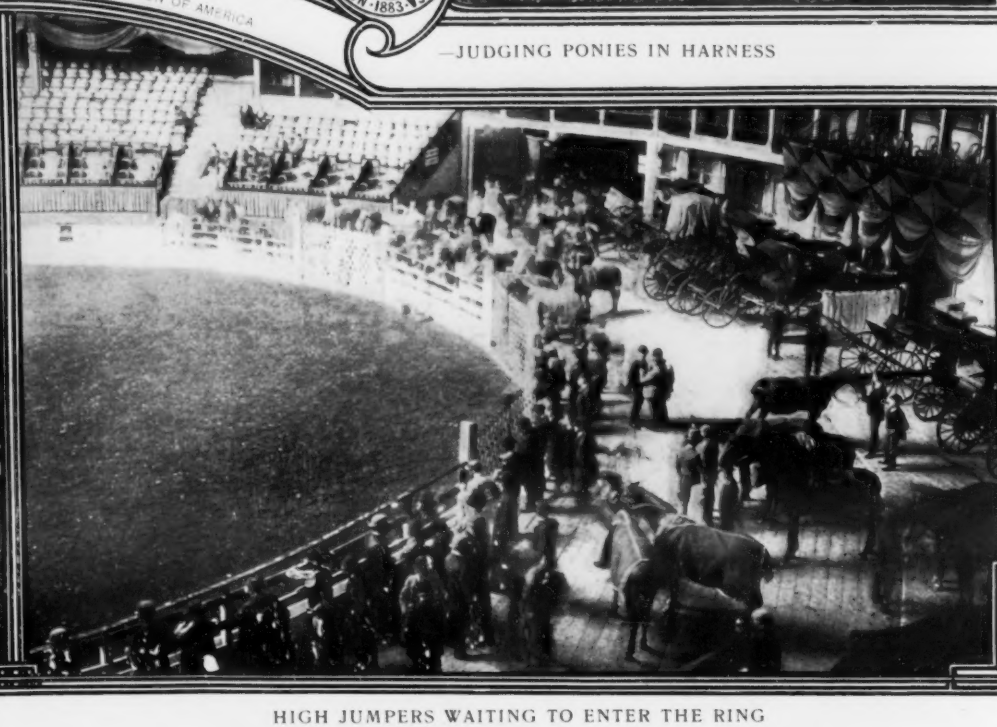
CORNELIUS FELLOWES

PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

—JUDGING PONIES IN HARNESS



GENERAL VIEW OF THE RING AND THE SPECTATORS

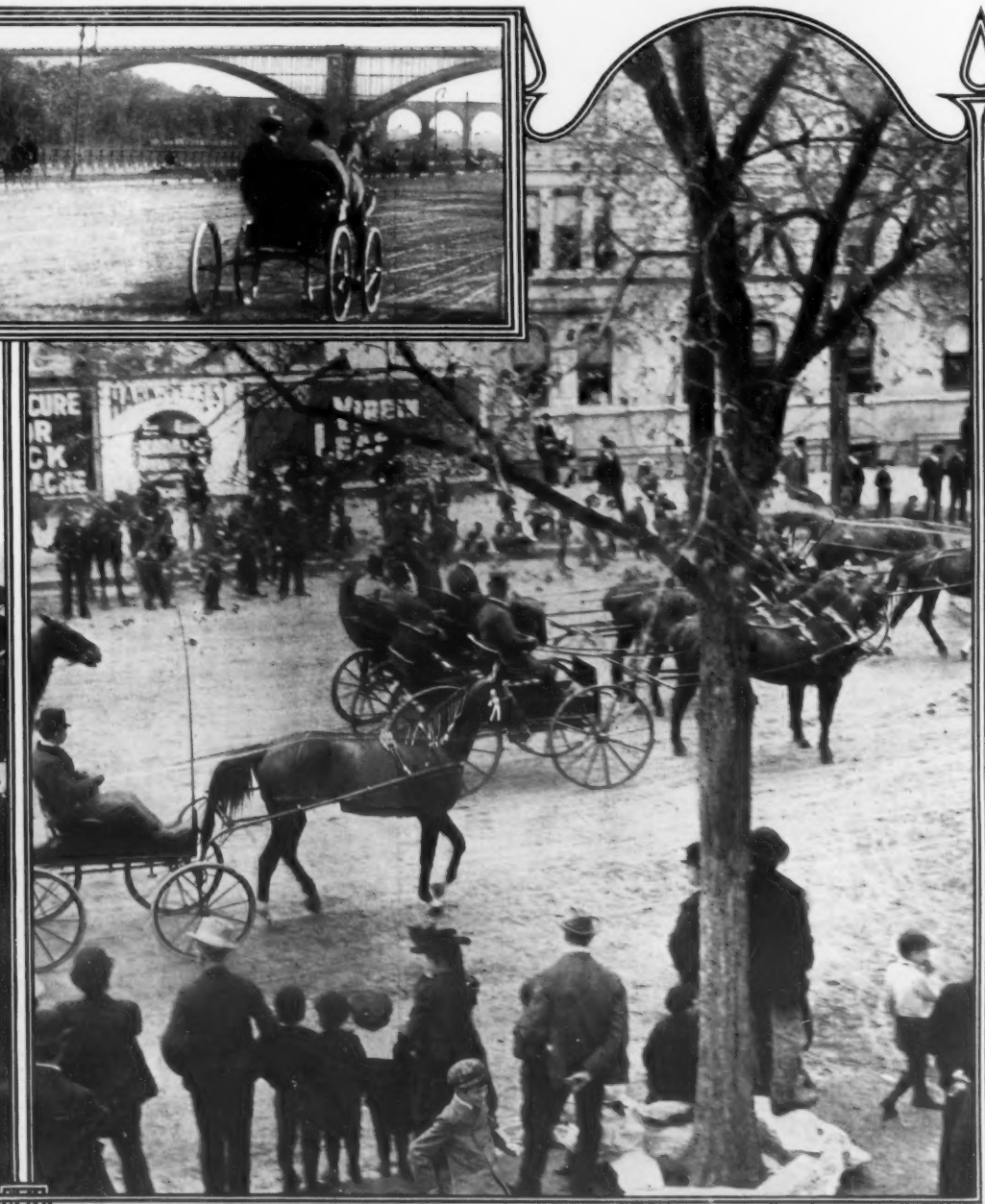


HIGH JUMPERS WAITING TO ENTER THE RING

NEW YORK'S ANNUAL HORSE SHOW IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

THE SPEEDWAY ABOVE WASHINGTON BRIDGE

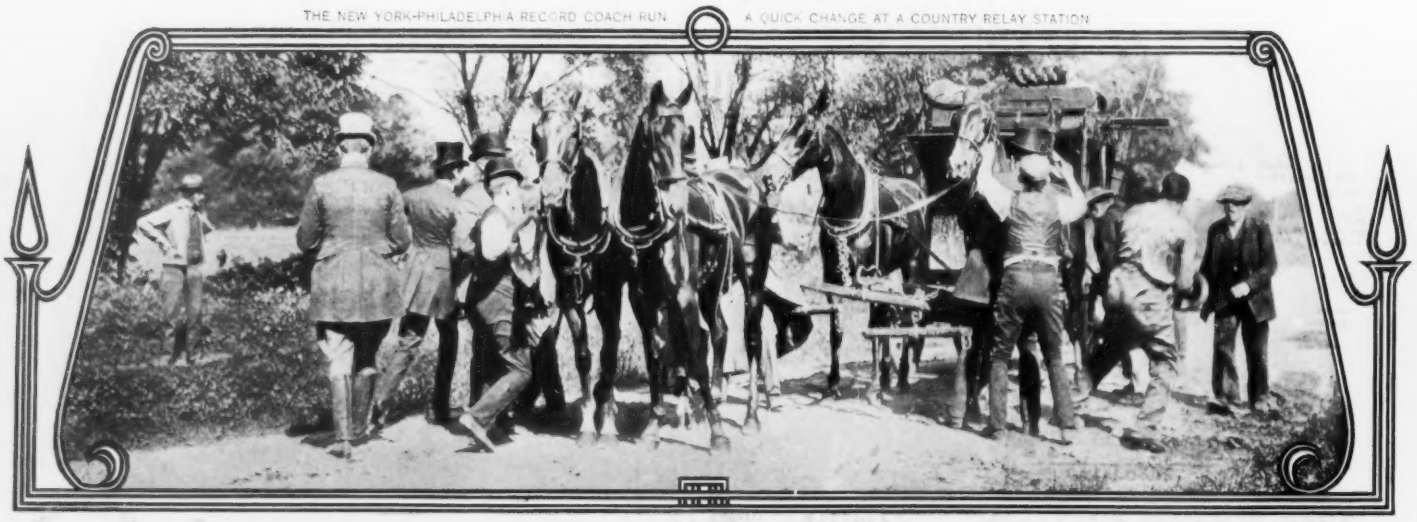
THE SUNDAY CROWD ON THE HARLEM RIVER SPEEDWAY



SEVENTH AVENUE, THE CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN THE PARK AND THE SPEEDWAY

THE DRIVEWAYS OF NEW YORK, WHERE FAST HORSES ARE DEVELOPED

THE NEW YORK-PHILADELPHIA RECORD COACH RUN — A QUICK CHANGE AT A COUNTRY RELAY STATION



THE GENTLEMANLY ART OF DRIVING

By MORRIS E. HOWLETT

THE ART of the gentleman whip, like all other arts, may be said to have no nationality. That is to say, there is but one general standard of form, which is the same in Paris as in London, the same in New York and throughout the United States as in Europe. The sport of driving, as best exemplified in road-coaching, is no passing fad or fashion, but a natural evolution from centuries of utility. It has, of course, a longer history in England and France, with their older civilization of luxury; yet in America to-day, where road-coaching in the modern sense of the term is scarcely twenty-five years old, there are more amateur whips and horsemen, in proportion to population, than in time-honored Europe. As regards the uniformity of style prevailing, it may be remarked that most of the present-day founders and patrons of the sport in New York, such as Messrs. Delancey Kane, Colonel Jay, Higgins, Bennett, Belmont, Vanderbilt, Hyde, Tiffany, and Tailer, had their early schooling on the fine roads of France and Great Britain.

THE RUN OF THE ROADS

The matter of roads is a most essential, if not the very prime, consideration. The ideal road, best of all for coaching, is that made of granite macadam, with but slight convexity or middle crown. The worst, and most disheartening to horses, is the deep, dead sandy road. Between these two extremes there are various kinds and degrees, ranging from asphalt to Belgian blocks—all of which varieties one is liable to encounter in the course of a single long-distance trip hereabout, say between New York and Philadelphia. Some of the most superb bits of highway in the world are to be found in France and England; but for a high standard of general excellence, the grand routes of France bear off the palm—a fact which in a large degree accounts for the development of the fine art of road-coaching in that country. There, all the routes and highways are divided into four distinct classes: the national, which traverse the length and breadth of the Republic; the departmental, or county highways; the communal ways, appertaining to the township; and the vicinal, or minor village roads. Every foot of all these roads is under direct and responsible official care. Hence, France is the paradise of drivers, no less than of cyclers and automobilists.

THE HORSES, AND THE PACE

Generally speaking, a coach should be "horsed" with animals of uniform type, so that a horse may be readily transferred from one team to another. Well-bred, well-proportioned horses of medium size, that can trot eleven miles an hour without being distressed, fulfil most ordinary requirements. For distance, it is necessary to provide relay horses adapted to different portions of the road. Some stretches call for coarse, heavy horses able to exert their utmost strength, at a comparatively slow pace, for a number of miles at a time. Other stages afford opportunities for galloping, which pace is best endured by full-blooded horses of lighter build.

A road journey should be considered as a whole, and full advantage taken of every good bit of road or fall of ground, so as to leave time to contend with hills and bad stretches. It is a fatal mistake to run teams up a long hill, or in any way to outpace your stock. Undulating ground, with gentle alternate rise and fall, is the easiest for horses, calling as it does for a reversal of muscular action as they go up or down hill. Cobblestones are very trying, after a mile or so; yet there are certain advantages in the Belgian block pavement, such as shedding of water, and freedom from dust and mud, which recommend it for highways where they pass through villages and small towns.

The qualifications of the thoroughly competent whip are many and radical, and his accomplishments are varied. Steady nerves, presence of mind, and an even temper are highly essential, and these naturally imply a sound physique. A certain philosophical superiority to mere weather and other chance conditions is expected of the whip. He should know his horses in every way, in every detail, psychologically as well as anatomically. No possible accident to them, or to their harness, or to the coach itself, ought to feaze the gentleman holding the reins. To direct others in emergencies, he must know personally how to do all things, regular and irregular.

"HANDLING THE RIBBONS"

As to style in driving, a wide latitude should be allowed to the individual, and his performance judged in its entirety rather than criticised in minute detail by faddish, arbitrary, and theoretical standards. For example, in the manner of holding the reins, I always contend for a simple, natural, easy position of the hand, the elbow at right angle, the wrist straight and relaxed, so that the driver can just feel his horses' mouths while they, similarly, feel his hand, without pull or strain either way. Contrary ideas on this and kindred matters give scope for endless discussion; but they are not worth it. Common sense and reasonable judgment applied to the art of driving, whose fixed, invariable principles are the same everywhere and at all times, produce a general uniformity of practice, which, with due allowance for individuality, is eventually sure of recognition as proper form.

A FASHIONABLE COACHING TURNOUT IN CENTRAL PARK

Some distinction between town and country driving is naturally suggested. Cruppers, a smart set of harness with bearing-reins, and rather tight pole-chains to facilitate steering, are appropriate to town teams, which should be driven at a measured pace, the horses well collected. In the country, a freer style, more of the coaching spirit, is adopted, with less of ornaments, cruppers, and bearing-reins.

FORM IN TURNOUTS

Not wishing to exemplify the futility of criticism by indulging in it, I shall have few specific remarks to make under this head. Indeed, the display of fashionable turnouts speaks for itself, and an inspiriting sight it is. In New York, to-day, an admirable degree of tasteful elegance is attained. In the first enthusiasm, the earlier competitive eagerness for smartness and show, there were necessarily some violations of the true spirit of good form, some deplorable lapses of refined taste. It was boots and breeches at all hazards, no matter if the boots were unvarnished and the breeches untidy. Only last year, while driving through the Park, I ventured to remark to a lady that, in my opinion, the combination of coachman and footman in blue livery on a carriage with green body and yellow wheels was rather a *glaring* mistake. She replied with spirit:

"I really can't imagine where you ever saw such a thing—certainly not here in New York!"

Less than five minutes later, while we were still discussing the question, we met a gorgeous turnout of ultramarine blue, with red wheels, on which were perched a coachman and a footman in liveries of bottle-green!

A lady to whom I once passed the remark that her turnout was not in good form, replied to me as follows: "You see, Mr. Howlett, it is like this: I am very fond of blue liveries for my indoor servants, but my husband prefers green for the carriages, so that when my indoor man mounts the box I am obliged to dress my coachman to correspond; hence the incongruity."

LONG-DISTANCE ROAD-COACHING

The crowning achievement of the gentleman whip, and the grandest test of driving as a manly sport requiring all the nerve, energy, powers of organization and physical prowess that such a pastime can develop, is the long-distance coaching trip against time.

One of the most notable of such trips, and the first in which the present writer ever actively participated, was from Paris to Trouville, in July, 1892. The distance, one hundred and thirty miles, was covered in 10 hours and 40 minutes, with thirteen changes of horses; Messrs. T. Suffern Tailer, Eugene Higgins, and W. G. Tiffany each driving parts of the journey, while the writer acted as manager. Among the distinguished passengers on this occasion was Mr. James Gordon Bennett.

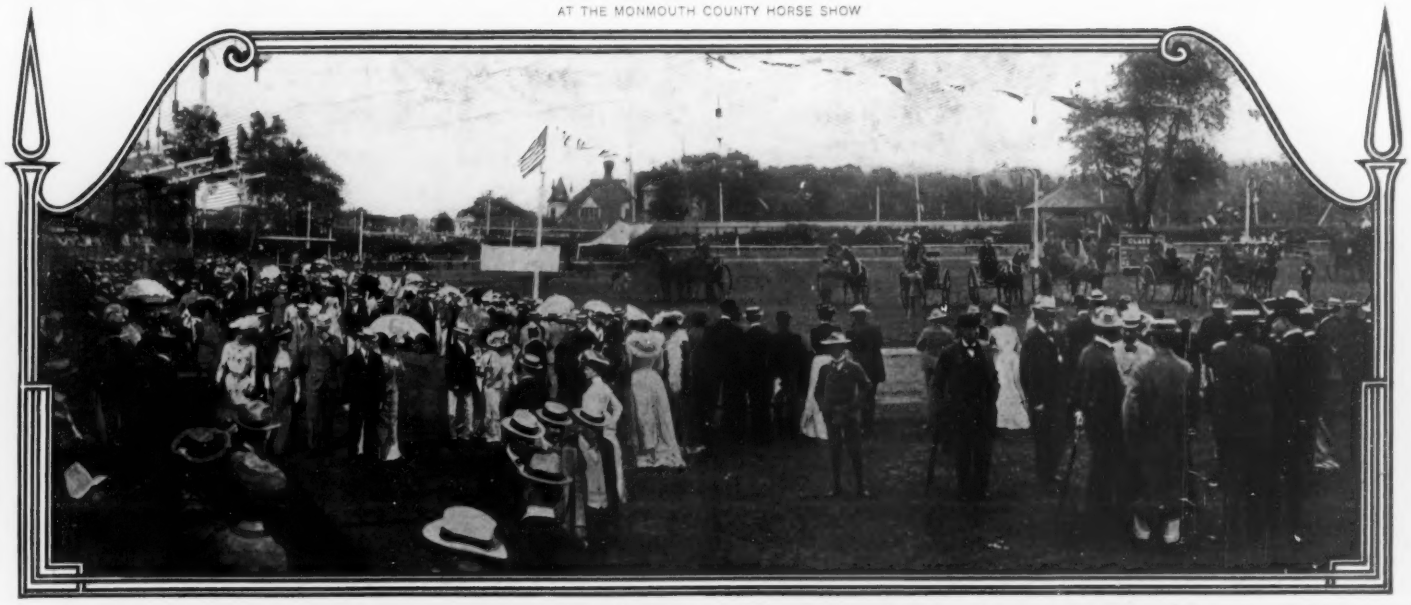
A more recent, and in several respects a more remarkable, exploit in this line was the trip of the James H. Hyde party, with Alfred G. Vanderbilt, from New York to Philadelpha and return, last month. Seventy-two horses were used in relays from five to ten miles; and the total distance of one hundred and ninety miles was covered in 19 hours and 32 minutes. On the run from New York to Philadelphia, the time was 9 hours and 32 minutes. This beat the record time made in April, 1894, when a coaching party, including General Edward Morrell and Messrs. Nelson Brown, Edward Browning, and E. R. Miller, made the run in 10 hours and 46 minutes, using fifty-two horses. It should be said all these gentlemen knew the route. In the Hyde-Vanderbilt drive, I was the only one on the coach who had ever been over it.

AS TO AUTOS

When I am asked as to the probable effect that the competition of auto-motors will have upon horses, horsemanship and the art of driving, I reply with perfect assurance that there is really no competition in these lines, and that the effect of the "horseless" innovation is decidedly beneficial to the horse. By relieving him of the heavy drudgery of traffic, it ennobles him for better service and sport. The gentleman sportsman's automobile may be a useful auxiliary to his stables, but it can never supplant them, either in a practical or a sentimental sense. The phenomenally high prices obtained for first-class carriage and saddle horses at the sales thus far this season ought to be convincing.

"A long life to coaching!" is my expectation and wish.

AT THE MONMOUTH COUNTY HORSE SHOW



OUR GREATEST PLEASURE GROUND

By JULIAN RALPH

WHO CAN NAME offhand the largest, most frequented watering-place in the world? It is not Brighton, though that is the largest pleasure city by the sea, or the Isle of Wight, or any place in Europe. It is Monmouth County, New Jersey, which contains close to three dozen resorts on twenty-two miles of ocean front and behind them on the rivers or at the edge of the pine forests of that most salubrious and picturesque bit of our country. From having ranked first among the agricultural counties of all the States, it has come to be first among the holiday resorts without going very far down in the scale of richest farming lands. Oysters, apples, "apple jack," trotting horses and grain first made it famous, and it still ranks among the highest in the annual output of all these products except grain. The Navesink Highlands, the first land seen by nearly all the millions of immigrants who have sought freedom and wealth among us and the last viewed by most of us who go touring in Europe in the summer, is in old Monmouth. The United States Proving Ground for large guns is at the foot of these Highlands, whose twin lights, the largest and strongest in the world, peep over the sea all night like a pair of great eyes studying the rest of the world on behalf of all the millions of Americans while they sleep. Long Branch, first made very famous in the days of Jim Fisk and Dr. Helmbold, when General Grant and his friends, George W. Childs and ex-Collector Murphy, went near the great resort to build themselves summer cottages—Long Branch is in old Monmouth; and so is Ocean Grove, the Methodists' summer capital, and Asbury Park, the quaint child of the brain of James A. Bradley. Monmouth Park, long the first of American race-courses; Rumson Neck, a seat of millionnaire idlers only second to Newport in style and beauty; Seabright; Elberon, where President Garfield died, and many a lesser place of note are also in this terrestrial paradise of summer joys.

FOUNDED BY THE DUTCH

Though I have said that the county was first famous for its natural products, it is also true that here was established the first seaside resort—exclusively used as such—which our country enjoyed in the olden time. It was the Dutch of Manhattan Island who first realized the healthful and picturesque attributes of this region, and their first resort was the Highlands. There they built themselves summer homes, and thither in small sailboats, called periangers, they fared from and to New Amsterdam, now New York. We cannot tell how many such summer homes they set up or how many of the quaint old houses of that region are built upon the foundations of the earlier Dutch villas, but the ruins of one of these has been kept as a curio and relic, and many persons journey there to see it and to hear that it is what remains of the celebrated "Lust und Rust," the summer home of a rich New Amsterdam alderman who figures in Fenimore Cooper's novel, "The Water Witch." I do not believe there is any good ground for thinking this, however.

Deal Beach is the next oldest resort of the kind of which I know in the United States. It was founded, or first inhabited, nearly two hundred and ten years ago (in 1693), and for quite one hundred and ten years has maintained more than one hostelry for the entertainment of summer visitors. Boarding-houses these establishments really were, but they met all the requirements of hotels. Deal is below Long Branch, and, further still along the coast, is Spring Lake, where old Commodore Stockton set up a summer home in the days when our country was very young indeed. His permanent home was at Princeton, where he lived in a great house and in corresponding style, entertaining lavishly and conducting an establishment more nearly like the homes of the first families in Virginia than, perhaps, any other north of Mason and Dixon's line. He worked a large estate by means of slaves, after the Southern fashion. His annual pilgrimage to Spring Lake was made in the palace car of that day, which was a great four-in-hand coach. His driver, guard and postilions were all in livery, and a procession of baggage and provision wagons, also carrying his slaves, followed the coach.

MONMOUTH THE BEAUTIFUL

As by a stroke of the pen, this carries us back into the history of old Monmouth, which is so rich and growing so ancient that we may be very certain that beautiful countryside is destined to be a Mecca of American pilgrims when Time shall have only a little longer hallowed its landmarks and gilded its traditions with the lustrous polish of sentimental interest. Sandy Hook has already become the study-ground of naturalists, who declare it to be one of the very few places that remain in our country where primeval conditions and the original vegetation of the district remain. One estate, whose mansion looks down on the Hook, is that of the Hartshorne family, which purchased it in the middle of the seventeenth century, so that here we have a seat able to vie in age with some of the relics of the distant past which so many of us journey to Europe to see. The Highlands of Navesink, where this noble house is placed, is the highest point of land on our coast between Maine and Florida, the next highest being Roslyn, Long Island, where the late William Cullen Bryant used to live.

Old Monmouth was part of a huge grant to Charles Second's brother, the Duke of York, and Richard Nicolls, and was in what was then called East Jersey. Colonel Lewis Morris caused it to be named Monmouth County, Monmouthshire in Wales being the home county of his people. In 1764 the New York merchants built the stone lighthouse yet to be seen on the Hook, which grows so fast by the deposit of sand that lighthouse after lighthouse has been built there to mark the lengthening point of the land. Behind the "Hook," as the Dutch named it, is the Horseshoe, so christened by Hendrik Hudson, in which bay lay the British ships to which Sir Henry Clinton retreated after the beating that General Washington gave him on Monmouth Battlefield. Captain Kidd often harbored in the Horseshoe, and was well known to the shorefolk of Monmouth, who persist in believing that some of his plunder was buried in the soil of the Hook. This part of Monmouth is in Middletown township, and there, running through Middletown, Red Bank, and Shrewsbury, is the very road along which both Washington and Clinton marched their armies to the battle of Monmouth—the famous fight at which our leader is said to have lost his temper and used an oath; the battle in which, when Captain Pitcher (a familiar name in old Monmouth) fell, his wife, Moll Pitcher, took his place and served his cannon. Time has dealt kindly with the region bisected by this road, and you may almost imagine yourself in England when you travel there. Especially is this the case in and around the charming village of Shrewsbury. Here stands in perfect condition an English church built in 1769. You may still see the crown of King George on the spire and the marks of many a bullet that was shot at it by the Patriots. In the building the caretaker will show you a prayer-book given by Sir William Franklin, a Bible dated 1717, and a set of communion silver presented by the good Queen Anne. In front of the church is a house notorious as the place in which certain Tories massacred a number of Continental soldiers. When you look upon these buildings you marvel to think that George Fox saw them in his day and George Keith, the converted English Quaker, preached there in 1702. Shrewsbury is hallowed as a shrine of liberty, for it claims to be the first place offering full religious liberty to all who came there. Rhode Island disputes this claim, but her boast depends upon whether or not she barred Roman Catholics against the freedom of worship permitted all others. Catholics met with no intolerance or prejudice in Shrewsbury in those days.

THE PIRATE KIDD

I spoke of the pirate, Kidd. Monmouth was his favorite haunt. Near Shrewsbury are two villages called Leedsville and Eatontown, both of which connect themselves with Kidd. Eatontown was bought of the Indians for a barrel of cider, but one of the red men stayed after the others moved away and could not be induced to follow them. On one day he was seen to be eating with a silver spoon, and to one of the Eatons he said he knew where there were plenty of such utensils. He was told that if he would bring all he could find he should have a cocked hat and a red coat. Presently he appeared in this impressive attire and the Eatons began to display great wealth. A century later, workmen, who pulled down a house that had been dwelt in by a maiden member of the old family, discovered a large number of square and oblong dollars known in earlier days as "cab dollars." They were believed to be part of one of Kidd's heaps of buried treasure. Leedsville, the other village, is named for William Leeds, whose grave is there and who gave his home and farm to the old English church of Shrewsbury. In the gossip of the region, it has ever been held that he was a partner of Kidd, or an officer on Kidd's ship, and that he gave his land to the church to shrive his soul.

Close to Leedsville, again, is the site of the famous "Phalanx," the second most important communistic experiment made in America. It was established fifty-eight years ago as a joint-stock company like Brook Farm in New England. The "communists," or co-laborers, came from Albany and took up nearly eight hundred acres of land, selling stock wherever they could to pay for it and its improvement. Horace Greeley was a member and so was Albert Brisbane, and Charles A. Dana was a frequent visitor. A farm, a flour mill, a school, a laundry—many branches of industry, in fact—were established, and the rule was to give the highest pay for the meanest and most disagreeable labor. The experiment lasted until 1858, or fifteen years, and to-day you may see the Phalanstery where all the workers lived, with its lake, its drives, and well-laid-out grounds.

"THE PINES"

Below and behind Long Branch one first encounters "the Pines," of which I have elsewhere written at length. They compose a region of forest, bog, marsh, river and creek, one hundred and seventeen miles long and little known because the principal lines of travel avoid them. Here was established the first iron foundry in the country and here now is grown the bulk of the cranberry crop of our country. Here, just beyond the edge of old Monmouth, is Lakewood, one of many winter health resorts in "the Pines" which are missed by the severe winters of New York and Philadelphia. Here, too, are the beds of marl, which once made old Monmouth the richest farming county we possessed. The marl beds are rich deposits of the animal life of the ocean and are full of whalebones, sharks' teeth, shells, marine fossils, and remnants of huge turtles, crocodiles, mastodons, and other animals of frightful proportions, all eloquent of the tropic heat, yet intermingled with relics of the skulls and teeth of walruses and polar bears that prove the one-time presence of the great northern ice-cap.

Old Monmouth produced a poet, Philip Freneau, who was called great in his day, but in Berkeley and Carteret's time there was not in either of the Jerseys a doctor, a lawyer, or a parson. On learning this, a gentleman—according to the old records—"cryed oute: 'What a happy place and how worthy the name of Paradise!'" To-day, old Monmouth is a happier place, the resort of more seekers after health and rest and pleasure than any other region in either North or South America. All hail to it! Bless it for its old memories, its present beauties and its abiding joys. If I could not be a born New Yorker as I am, I would wish to be a citizen of Monmouth.

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THE ROMANCE OF A PIRATE'S DAUGHTER

By FRANK R. STOCKTON

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady or the Tiger?" "The Late Mrs. Null," Etc., Etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. I. KELLER

SYNOPSIS OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Major Stede Bonnet, an eccentric planter of Bridgetown, Barbadoes, conceiving a strange enterprise, buys a ship, enlists a crew of ruffians, puts to sea, and announces to his men that henceforth all are pirates. Kate Bonnet, the Major's daughter, was to have sailed with him, but suspecting the character of the sailors, she escapes to land, where, on account of her stepmother's unfriendliness, she is cared for by Dame Charter, who, with her son Dickory, accompanies Kate to Jamaica, where all are taken to live with Kate's uncle, Delaplaine. Dickory sails back to Barbadoes for news of Bonnet. Meanwhile Pirate Bonnet has taken and destroyed so many ships that H.M.S. "Badger," Captain Vince, is despatched to capture him. While fitting in Jamaica, Captain Vince falls in love with Kate and offers to spare her father for her sake. She spurns his advances, and he sets out on his mission. The ship carrying Dickory to Barbadoes is captured by Pirate Bonnet, but set free again after taking off Dickory. Bonnet puts into Balize, Honduras, the rendezvous of pirates, and there meets the infamous Blackbeard, who robs him of his ships, sets him ashore, and puts to sea in Bonnet's own vessel. Captain Vince in the "Badger" meets Blackbeard's ship, and in the ensuing battle Captain Vince is killed by Blackbeard and the "Badger" sunk. The news that Bonnet has quit piracy for mercantile pursuits reaches Kate and she sails from Jamaica for Balize. There she meets her father; but Bonnet, rather than return to a planter's life ashore, escapes in the night on a pirate ship.

CHAPTER XXVI

DICKORY STRETCHES HIS LEGS

THERE WERE JOLLY TIMES ON board the swift ship *Revenge*, as she sped through the straits of Florida on her way up the Atlantic coast. The skies were bright, the wind was fair and the warm waters of the Gulf Stream helped to carry her bravely on her way. But young Dickory Charter, with the blood-stained letter of Captain Vince tucked away in the lining of his coat, ate so little, tossed about so much in his berth, turned so pale and spoke so seldom that the bold Captain Blackbeard declared that he should have some medicine.

"I shall not let my fine lieutenant suffer for want of drugs," he cried, "and when I reach Charles Town I shall send ashore a boat and procure some; and if the citizens disturb or interfere with my brave fellows I'll bombard the town. There will be medicine to take on one side or the other, I swear." And loud and ready were the oaths he swore.

A pirate who carries with him an intended son-in-law is not likely, if he be of Blackbeard's turn of mind, to suffer all his family plans to be ruined for the want of a few drugs.

When Dickory heard what the captain had to say on this subject, his heart sank within him. He had never taken medicine and he had never seen Blackbeard's daughter, but the one seemed to him almost as bad as the other, and the thought of the cool waves beneath him became more attractive than ever before. But that thought was quickly banished, for he had a duty before him, and not until that was performed could he take leave of this world, once so bright to him.

An island with palm trees slowly rose on the horizon, and off this island it was that, after a good deal of tacking and close-hauling, the *Revenge* lay to, to take in water: far better water than that which had been brought from Balize.

"Do you want to go ashore in the boat, boy?" said Blackbeard, really mindful of the health of this projected member of his family. "It may help your appetite to use your legs."

Dickory did not care to go anywhere, but he had hardly said so when a revulsion of feeling came upon him, and, turning away so that his face might not be noticed, he said he thought the land air might do him good. While the men were at work carrying their pails from the well-known spring to the water-barrels in the boat, Dickory strolled about to view the scenery; for it could never have been expected that a first lieutenant, in uniform, should help to carry water.

At first the scenery did not appear to be very interesting, and Dickory wandered slowly from here to there, then sat down under a tree. Presently he rose and went to another tree a little further away from the boat and the men at the spring. Here he quietly took off his shoes and his stockings, and, having nothing else to do, made a little bundle of them, listlessly tying them to his belt; then he rose and walked away somewhat brisker, but not in the direction of the boat. He did not hurry, but even stopped sometimes to look at things, but he still walked a little briskly and always away from the boat. He had been so used, this child of outdoor life, to going about the world barefooted, that it was no wonder that he walked briskly, being relieved of his encumbering shoes and stockings.

After a time he heard a shot behind him, and, turning, saw three men of the boat's crew upon a little eminence calling to him. Then he moved more quickly, always away from the boat, and, with his head turned, he saw the men running toward him, and their shouts became louder and wilder. Then he set off on a good run, and presently heard a pistol-shot. This he knew was to frighten him and make him stop, but he ran the faster, and soon turned the corner of a bit of woods. Then he was away at the top of his speed, making for a jungle of foliage not a quarter of a mile before him. Shouts he heard, and more shots, but he caught sight of no pursuers. Urged on, even as they were, by the fear of returning to the ship without Dickory, they could not expect to match, in their heavy boots, the staglike speed of this barefooted bounder.

After a time Dickory stopped running, for his path, always straight away, so far as he could judge, from the landing-place, became very difficult. In the forest there were streams, sometimes narrow and sometimes wide, and how deep he knew not, so that now he jumped, now he walked on fallen trees. Sometimes he crossed water and marsh by swinging himself from the limbs of one tree to those of another. This was hard work for a young gentleman in a naval uniform and cocked hat, but it had to be done, and when the hat was knocked off it was picked up again, with its feathers dripping.

Dickory was going somewhere, although he knew not whither, and he had solemn business to perform which he had sworn to do, and, therefore, he must have fit clothes to wear, not only in which to travel but in which to present himself suitably when he should accomplish his mission. All these things Dickory thought of, and he picked up his cocked hat whenever it dropped. He would have been very hungry had he not bethought himself to fill his pockets with biscuits before he left the vessel. And as to fresh water there was no lack of that.

CHAPTER XXVII

A GIRL WHO LAUGHED

IT WAS TOWARD NIGHTFALL OF the day on which Dickory had escaped from the pirates at the spring, that he found himself on a piece of high ground in an open place in the forest, and here he determined to spend the night. With his dirk he cut a quantity of palmetto leaves and made himself a very comfortable bed on which he was soon asleep, fearing no pirates.

In the morning he rose early from his green couch, ate the few biscuits which were left in his pockets, and, putting on his shoes and stockings, started forth upon what might have been supposed to be an aimless tramp.

But it was not aimless. Dickory had a most wholesome dread of that indomitable apostle of cruelty and wickedness, the pirate Blackbeard. He believed that it would be quite possible for that savage being to tie up his beard in tails, to blacken his face with powder, to hang more pistols from his belt and around his neck, and swear that the *Revenge* should never leave her anchorage until her first lieutenant had been captured and brought back to her. So he had an aim, and that was to get away as far as possible from the spot where he had landed on the island.

He did not believe that his pursuers, if there were any upon his track, could have travelled in the night, for it had been pitchy black; and, as he now had a good start of them, he thought he might go so far that they would give up the search. Then he hoped to be able to keep himself alive until he was reasonably sure that the *Revenge* had hoisted anchor and sailed away, when it was his purpose to make his way back to the spring and wait for some other vessel which would take him away.

With his shoes on, he travelled more easily, although not so swiftly, and after an hour of very rough walking he heard a sound which made him stop instantly and listen. At first he thought it might be the wind in the trees, but soon his practiced ear told him that it was the sound of the surf upon the beach. Without the slightest hesitation, he made his way, as quickly as possible, toward the sound of the sea.

In less than half an hour he found himself upon a stretch of sand which extended from the forest to the sea and upon which the waves were throwing themselves in long, crested lines. With a cry of joy, he ran out upon the beach and, with outstretched arms, welcomed the sea as if it had been an old and well-tried friend.

But Dickory's gratitude and joy had nothing to found itself upon. The sea might far better have been his enemy than his friend, for if he had thought about it, the sandy beach would have been the road by which a portion of the pirate's men would have marched to cut off his flight, or they would have accomplished the same end in boats.

But Dickory thought of no enemy, and his heart was cheered. He pressed on along the beach. The walking was so much better now that he made good progress, and the sun had not reached its zenith when he found himself on the shore of a small stream which came down from some higher land in the interior and here poured itself into the sea. He walked some distance by this stream, in order to get some water which might be free from brackishness, and then, with very little trouble, he crossed it. Before him was a knoll of moderate height and covered with low foliage. Mounting this, he found that he had an extended view over the interior of the island. In the background there stretched a wide savanna, and, at the distance of about half a mile, he saw, very near a little cluster of trees, a thin column of smoke. His eyes rounded, and he stared and stared. He now perceived, from behind the leaves, the end of a thatched roof.

"People!" Dickory exclaimed, and his heart beat fast with joy. Why his heart should be joyful he could not have told himself, except that there was no earthly reason to believe that the persons who were making that fire near that thatched-roof house were pirates. To go to this house, whatever it might be, to take his chances there instead of remaining alone in the wide forest, was our young man's instant determination. But, before he started, there was something else he thought of. He took off his coat and, with a bunch of leaves, he brushed it. Then he arranged the plumes of his hat and brushed some mud from them, gave himself a general shake and was ready to make a start. All this by a fugitive pursued by savage pirates on a desert island! But Dickory was a young man, and he wore the uniform of a naval officer.

After a brisk walk, which was somewhat longer than he had supposed it would be, Dickory reached the house behind the trees. At a short distance burned the fire whose smoke he had seen. Over the fire hung an iron pot. Oh, blessed pot! A gentle breeze blew from the fire toward Dickory, and, from the heavenly odor which was borne upon it, he knew that something good to eat was cooking in that pot.

A man came quickly from behind the house. He was tall, with a beard a little gray, and his scanty attire was of the most nondescript fashion. With amazement upon his face, he spoke to Dickory in English.

"What, sir!" he cried, "has a man-of-war touched at this island?"

Dickory could not help smiling, for the man's countenance told him how he had been utterly astounded and even stupefied by the sight of a gentleman in naval uniform in the interior of that island, an almost desert region.

"No man-of-war has touched here," said Dickory, "and I don't belong to one. I wear these clothes because I am compelled to do so, having no others. Yesterday afternoon I escaped from some pirates who stopped for water, and, since leaving them, I have made my way to this spot."

The man stepped forth quickly and stretched out his hand. "Bless you! Bless you!" he cried. "You are the first human being, other than my family, that I have seen for two years."

A little girl now came from behind the house, and, when her eyes fell upon Dickory and his cocked hat, she screamed with terror and ran indoors. A woman appeared at the door, evidently the man's wife. She had a pleasant face, but her clothes riveted Dickory's attention. It would be impossible to describe them even if one were gazing upon them. It will be enough to say that they covered her. Her amazement more than equalled that of her husband; she stood and stared but could not speak.

"From the spring at the end of the island," cried the man, "to this house since yesterday afternoon! I have always supposed that no one could get here from the spring, by land. I call that way impassable. You are safe here, sir, I am sure. Pirates would not follow very far through those forests and morasses; they would be afraid they would never get back to their ship. But I will find out for certain if you have reason, sir, to fear pursuit by boat or otherwise."

And then, stepping around to the other end of the house, he called: "Lucilla!"

"You are hungry, sir," said the woman; "presently you shall share our meal, which is almost cooked."

Now the man returned.

"This is not a time for questions, sir," he said, "either from you or from us. You must eat and you must rest, then we can talk. We shall not, any of us, apologize for our appearance, and you will not expect it when you have heard our story. But I can assure you, sir, that we do not look nearly so strange to you as you appear to us. Never before, sir, did I see in this climate, and on shore, a man attired in such fashion."

Dickory smiled. "I will tell you the tale of it," he said, "when we have eaten; I admit that I am famished."

The man was now called away, and, when he returned, he said to Dickory: "Fear nothing, sir; your ship is no longer at the anchorage by the spring. She has sailed away, wisely concluding, I suppose, that pursuit of you would be folly, and even madness."

The dinner was an exceedingly plain one, spread upon a rude table under a tree. The little girl, who had overcome her fear of "the soldier," as she considered him, made one of the party.

During the meal, Dickory briefly told his story, confining it to a mere statement of his escape from the pirates.

"Blackbeard!" exclaimed the man. "Truly you did well to get away from him, no matter into what forests you plunged or upon what desert island you lost yourself. At any moment he might have turned upon you and cut you to pieces, to amuse himself. I have heard the most horrible stories of Blackbeard."

"What!" exclaimed Dickory; "that little girl?"

"Oh, no!" said the man. "It is my other daughter, who is a grown young woman."

"She is not here now," said the mother. And this piece of unnecessary information was given in tones which might indicate that the young lady had stepped around to visit a neighbor.

"It is important," said the man, "that I should know if vessels have anchored here; for, if they be merchantmen, I sometimes do business with them."

"Business!" said Dickory. "That sounds extremely odd. Pray tell me how you came to be here."

"My name is Mander," said the other, "and about two years ago I was on my way from England to Barbadoes, where, with my wife and two girls, I expected to settle. We were captured by a pirate ship and marooned upon this island. I will say to the pirate captain's credit, that he was a good sort of man, considering his profession. He sailed across the bay on purpose to find a suitable place to land us, and he left with us some necessary articles, such as axes and tools, kitchen utensils, and a gun with some ammunition. Then he sailed away, leaving us here, and here we have since lived. Considering the cirumstances, we have no right to complain; for, had we been taken by an ordinary pirate, it is likely that our bones would now be lying at the bottom of the ocean.

"Here I have worked hard and have made myself a home, such as it is. There are wild cattle upon the distant savannas, and I trap game and birds, cultivate the soil to a certain extent, and, if we had clothes, I might say we would be in better circumstances than many a respectable family in England. Sometimes, when a merchantman anchors here, and I have hides or anything else which we can barter for things we need, I row over the bay in a canoe which I have made, and have thus very much bettered our condition. But, in no case, have I been able to provide my family with suitable clothes."

"Why did you not get some of these merchant ships to carry you away?" asked Dickory.

The man shook his head. "There is no place," he said sadly, "to which I can, in reason, ask a ship to carry me and my family. We have no money; no property whatever. In any other place, I would be far poorer than I am here. My children are not uneducated; my wife and I have done our best for them in that respect, and we have some books with us. So, as you see, it would be rash in me to leave a home which, rude as it is, shelters and supports my family, to go as paupers and strangers to some other land."

The wife heaved a sigh. "But poor Lucilla," she said, "it is dreadful that she should be forced to grow up here."

"Lucilla?" asked Dickory.

"Yes, sir," she said, "my oldest daughter. But she is not here now."

Dickory thought that it was somewhat odd that he should be again informed of a fact which he knew very well, but he made no remarks upon the subject.

Still wearing his cocked hat—for he had nothing else with which to shield his head from the sun—and with his uniform coat on—for he had not yet had an opportunity of ripping from it the letter he carried, and this he would not part from—Dickory roamed about the little settlement. Mander was an industrious and thrifty man; his garden, his buildings, and his surroundings showed that.

Walking past a clump of low bushes, Dickory was startled by a laugh, a hearty laugh—the laugh of a girl. Looking quickly around, he saw, peering above the tops of the bushes, the face of the girl who had laughed.

"It is too funny," she said, as his eyes fell upon her. "I never saw anything so funny in all my life. A man in regimentals in this weather and upon a desert island! You look as if you had marched faster than your army and that you had lost it in the forest."

Dickory smiled. "You ought not to laugh at me," he said, "for these clothes are really a great misfortune. If I could change them for something cool I should be more than delighted."

"You might take off your heavy coat," said she—"you need not be on parade here; and, instead of that awful hat, I can make you one of long grass. Do you see the one I have on? Isn't that a good hat? I have one, nearly finished, which I am making for my father; you may have that."

Dickory would most gladly have taken off his coat if, without observation, he could have transferred his sacred letter to some other part of his clothes; but he must wait for that. He accepted instantly, however, the offer of the hat.

"You seem to know all about me," he said; "did you hear me tell my story?"

"Every word of it," said she, "and it is the queerest story I ever heard. Think of a pirate carrying a man away to marry him to his daughter!"

"But why don't you come from behind that bush and talk to me?"

"I can't do it," said she; "I am dressed funnier than you are. Now I am going to make your hat." And in an instant she had departed.

IT WAS LUCILLA, THE DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE!

"He treated me very well," said Dickory; "but I know, from his own words, that he reserved me for a most horrible fate."

"What!" exclaimed the man, "and he told you? He is indeed a demon."

"Yes," said Dickory, "he said over and over again that he was going to take me to England to marry me to his daughter."

At this the wife could not refrain from a smile. "Matrimony is not generally considered a horrible fate," said she; "perhaps his daughter may be a most comely and estimable young person. Girls do not always resemble their fathers."

"Do not mention it," exclaimed Dickory, with a shudder; "that was one reason that I ran away—I preferred any danger from man or beast to that he was taking me to."

"He is engaged to be married," thought the woman; "it is easy enough to see that."

"Now tell me your story, I pray you," said Dickory. "But first, I would like very much to know how you found out that Blackbeard's ship was not at her anchorage?"

"That's a simple thing," said the man. "Of course you did not observe, for you could not, that from its eastern point, where lies the spring, this island stretches in a long curve to the south, reaching northward again about this spot. Consequently, there is a little bay to the east of us, across which we can see the anchoring ground of such ships as may stop here for water. Your way around the land curve of the island was a long one, but the distance straight across the bay is but a few miles. Upon a hill, not far from here, there is a very tall tree which overtops all others, and to the upper branches of this tree my daughter, who is a great climber, frequently ascends with a small glass, and is thus able to report if there is a vessel at the anchorage."

Dickory now strolled on, and when he returned he seated himself in the shade near the house. The letter of Captain Vince was taken from his coat lining and secured in one of his breeches pockets; his heavy coat and waistcoat lay upon the ground beside him, with the cocked hat placed upon them. As he leaned back against the tree and inhaled the fragrant breeze which came to him from the forest, Dickory was a more cheerful man than he had been for many, many days. He thought of this, himself, and wondered how a man, carrying with him his sentence of lifelong misery, could lean against a tree and take pleasure in anything, be it a hospitable welcome, a sense of freedom from danger, a fragrant breeze, or the face of a pretty girl behind a bush. But these things did please him; he could not help it. And when, presently, came Mrs. Mander, bringing him a light grass hat fresh from the manufacturer's hands, he took it and put it on with more evident pleasure than the occasion seemed to demand.

"Your daughter is truly an artist," said Dickory.

"She does many things well," said the mother, "because necessity compels her, and all of us, to learn to work in many ways."

"Can I not thank her?" said Dickory.

"No," the mother answered, "she is not here now."

Dickory had begun to hate that self-evident statement.

"She's looking out for ships; her pride is a little touched that she missed Blackbeard's vessel yesterday."

"Perhaps," said Dickory, with a movement as if he would like to make a step in the direction of some tall tree upon a hill.

"No," said Mrs. Mander, "I cannot ask you to join my

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daughter. I am compelled to state that her dress is not a suitable one in which to appear before a stranger."

"Excuse me," said Dickory, "and I beg, madam, that you will convey to her my thanks for making me such an excellent hat."

A little later, Mander joined Dickory. "I am sorry, sir," said he, "that I am not able to present you to my daughter, Lucilla. It is a great grief to us that her attire compels her to deny herself other company than that of her family. I really believe, sir, that it is Lucilla's deprivations on this island which form, at present, my principal discontent with my situation. But we all enjoy good health; we have enough to eat, and shelter over us, and should not complain."

As soon as he was at liberty to do so, Dickory walked by the hedge of low bushes, and there, above it, was the bright face with the pretty grass hat.

"I was waiting for you," said she; "I wanted to see how that hat fitted, and I think it does nicely. And I wanted to tell you that I have been looking out for ships, but have not seen one. I don't mean by that that I want you to go away almost as soon as you have come; but, of course, if a merchant ship should anchor here it would be dreadful for you not to know."

"I am not sure," said Dickory gallantly, "that I am in a hurry for a ship. It is truly very pleasant here."

"What makes it pleasant?" said the girl.

Dickory hesitated for a moment. "The breeze from the forest," said he.

She laughed. "It is charming," she said, "but there are so many places where there is just as good a breeze, or perhaps better. How I would like to go to some one of them! To me this island is lonely and doleful. Every time I look over the sea for a ship I hope that one will come that can carry us away."

"Then," said Dickory, "I wish a ship would come tomorrow and take us all away together."

She shook her head. "As my father told you," said she, "we have no place to go to."

Dickory thought a good deal about the sad condition of the family of this worthy marooner. He thought of it even after he had stretched himself for the night upon the bed of palmetto leaves beneath the tree against which he had leaned when he wondered how he could be so cheerful under the shadow of the sad fate which was before him.

CHAPTER XXVIII

LUCILLA'S SHIP

AS SOON AS DICKORY had left off his cocked hat and his gold-embroidered coat, the little girl, Lena, had ceased to be afraid of him, and the next morning she came to him, seated lonely, for this was a busy household, and asked him if he would like to take a walk. So, hand in hand, they wandered away. Presently, they entered a path which led through the woods.

"This is the way my sister goes to her lookout tree," said the little girl. "Would you like to see that tree?"

"Oh, yes!" said Dickory, and he spoke the truth.

"She goes up to the very top," said Lena, "to look for ships. I would never do that, I'd rather never see a ship than to climb to the top of such a tree. I'll show it to you in a minute, we're almost there."

At a little distance from the rest of the forest, and upon a bluff which overlooked a stretch of lowland, and beyond that, the bay, stood a tall tree with spreading branches and heavy foliage.

"Up in the top of that is where she sits," said the child, "and spies out for ships. That's what she's doing now. Don't you see her up there?"

"Your sister in the tree!" exclaimed Dickory. And his first impulse was to retire, for it had been made quite plain to him that he was not expected to present himself to the young lady of the house should she be on the ground or in the air. But he did not retire. A voice came to him from the treetop, and as he looked upward he saw the same bright face which had greeted him over the top of the bushes. Below it was a great bunch of heavy leaves.

"So you have come to call on me, have you?" said the lady in the tree. "I am glad to see you, but I'm sorry that I cannot ask you to come upstairs; I am not receiving."

"He could not come up if he wanted to," said Lena; "he couldn't climb a tree like that."

"And he doesn't want to," cried the nymph of the bay-tree. "I have been here all the morning," said she, "looking for ships, but not one have I seen."

"Isn't that a tiresome occupation?" asked Dickory.

"Not altogether," she said. "The branches up here make a very nice seat, and I nearly always bring a book with me. You will wonder how we get books, but we had a few with us when we were marooned, and since that my father has always asked for books when he has an opportunity of trading off his hides. But I have read them all over and over again, and if it were not for the ships which I expect to come here and anchor I am afraid I should grow melancholy."

"What sort of ships do you look for?" asked Dickory, who was gazing upward with so much interest that he felt a little pain in the back of his neck, and who could not help thinking of a framed engraving which hung in his mother's little parlor and which represented some angels composed of nothing but heads and wings. He saw no wings under the head of the charming young creature in the tree, but there was no reason, which he could perceive, why she should not be an angel marooned upon a West Indian island.

"There are a great many of them," said she, "and they're all alike in one way—they never come. But there's one of them in particular which I look for, and look for, and look for, and which I believe that some day I shall really see. I have thought about that ship so often and I have dreamed about it so often that I almost know it must come."

"Is it an English ship?" asked Dickory, speaking with some effort, for he found that the girl's voice came down much more readily than his went up.

"I don't know," said she, "but I suppose it must be, for otherwise I should not understand what the people on board should say to me. It is a large ship, strong and able to defend itself against any pirates. It is laden with all sorts of useful and valuable things, and, among these, are a great many trunks and boxes filled with different kinds of clothes. Also, there's a great deal of money kept in a box by itself and is in charge of an agent who is bringing it out to my father, supposing him to be now settled in Barbadoes. This money is generally a legacy for my father, from a distant relative who has recently died. On this ship there are so many delightful things that I cannot even begin to mention them."

"And where is it going to?" asked Dickory.

"That I don't know exactly. Sometimes I think that it is going to the island of Barbadoes where we originally intended to settle; but then, I imagine that there is some pleasanter place than Barbadoes, and, if that's the case, the ship is going there."

"There can be no pleasanter place than Barbadoes," cried Dickory. "I come from that island, where I was born; there is no land more lovely in all the West Indies."

"You come from Barbadoes?" cried the girl; "and it really is a pleasant island?"

"Most truly it is," said he, "and the great dream of my life is to get back there." Then he stopped. Was it really the dream of his life to get back there? That would depend upon several things.

"If, then, you tell me the truth, my ship is bound for Barbadoes. And if she should go, would you like to go there with us?"

Dickory hesitated. "Not directly," said he; "I would first touch at Jamaica."

For some moments there was no answer from the treetop, and then came the question: "Is it a girl who lives there?"

"Yes," said Dickory, unguardedly; "but, also, I have a mother in Jamaica."

"Indeed," said she, "a mother! Well, we might stop there and take the mother with us to Barbadoes. Would the girl want to go, too?"

Dickory bent his head. "Alas!" said he, "I do not know."

Then spoke the little Lena. "I would not bother about any particular place to go to," said she; "I'd be so glad to go anywhere that isn't here. But it is not a real ship, you know."

"I don't think I will take you," called down Lucilla. "I don't want too many passengers, especially women I don't know. But I often think there will be a gentleman passenger, one who really wants to go to Barbadoes and nowhere else. Sometimes he is one kind of a gentleman and sometimes another, but he is never a soldier or a sailor, but, rather, one who loves to stay at home. And now, sir, I think I must take my glass and try to pick out a ship from among the spots on the far-distant waves."

"Come on," said Lena. "Do you like to fish? Because if you do I can take you to a good place."

The rest of the day Dickory spent with Mr. Mander and his wife, who were intelligent and pleasant people. They talked of their travels, their misfortunes and their blessings, and Dickory yearned to pour out his soul to them, but he could not do so. His woes did not belong to himself alone, they were not for the ears of strangers. He made up his mind what he would do. Until the morrow, he would stay as a visitor with these most hospitable people, then he would ask for work. He would collect firewood; he would hunt; he would fish; he would do anything. And here he would support himself until there came some merchant ship bound southward which would carry him away. If the Mander family were anyway embarrassed or annoyed by his presence here, he would make a camp at a little distance and live there by himself. Perhaps the lady of the tree would kindly send him word if the ship he was looking for should come.

It was about the middle of the afternoon, and Lena had dropped asleep beneath the tree where Dickory and her parents were conversing, when, suddenly, there rushed upon the little group a most surprising figure. At the first flash of thought, Dickory supposed that a boy from the skies had dropped among them, but in an instant he recognized the face he had seen above the bushes. It was Lucilla, the daughter of the house! Upon her head was the little straw hat, and she wore a loose tunic and a pair of sailor's trousers, which had been cut off and were short enough to show that her feet and ankles were bare. Around her waist she had a belt of skins from which dangled a string of crimson sea-beans. Her eyes were wide open, her face was pale, and she was trembling with excitement.

"What do you think," she cried, not caring who was there or who might look at her, "there's a ship at the spring and there's a boat rowing across the bay! A boat with four men in it!"

All started to their feet.

"A boat!" cried Mander, "with four men in it! Run, my dear, to the cave; press into its depths as far as you can. There is nothing there to be afraid of, and no matter how frightened you are, press into its most distant depths. You, sir, will remain with me. Or, would you rather escape? If it is a pirate ship, it may be Blackbeard who has returned."

"Not so," cried Lucilla, "it is a merchant vessel and they are making straight for the mouth of our stream."

"I will stay here with you," said Dickory, "and stand by you, unless I may help your family seek the cave you speak of."

"No, no," said Mander, "they don't need you, and if you will do so, we will go down to the beach and meet these men; that will be better than to have them search for us. They will know that people live here, for my canoe is drawn up on the beach."

"Is this safe?" cried Dickory. "Would it not be better for you to go with your family and hide with them? I will meet the men in the boat."

"No, no," said Mander, "if their vessel is no pirate I do not fear them. But I will not have them here."

Now, after Mander had embraced his family, they hurried away in tears; the girl, Lucilla, casting not one glance at Dickory. Impressed by the impulse that it was the proper thing to do, Dickory put on his coat and waistcoat and clapped upon his head his high cocked hat. Then he rapidly followed Mander to the beach, which they reached before the boat touched the sand.

When the man in the stern of the boat, which was now almost within hailing distance, saw the two figures run down upon the beach, he spoke to the oarsmen and they all stopped and looked around. The stop was occasioned by the sight of Dickory in his uniform; and this, under the circumstances, was enough to stop any boat's crew. Then they fell to again and pulled ashore. When the boat was beached, one of its occupants, a roughly dressed man, sprang ashore and walked cautiously toward Mander; then he gave a great shout.

"Heigho! heigho!" he cried, "and, Mander, this is you!"

Then there was great handshaking and many words.

"Excuse me, sir," said the man, raising his hat to Dickory, "it is now more than two years since I have seen my friend here, when he was marooned by pirates. We were all on the same merchantman, but the pirate took me along, being short of hands. I got away at last, sir" (all the time addressing Dickory instead of Mander, this being respect to his rank), "and shipping on board that brig, sir, I begged it of the captain that he would drop anchor here and take in water, although I cannot say it was needed, and give me a chance to land and see if my old friend be yet alive. I knew the spot, having well noted it when Mander and his family were marooned."

"And this is Lucilla's ship," said Dickory to himself. But to the sailor he said, "This is a great day for your friend and his family. But you must not lift your hat to me, for I am no officer."

For a long time—at least, it seemed so to Dickory, who wanted to run to the cave and tell the good news—they all stood together on the sands and talked and shook hands and laughed and were truly thankful: the men who had come in the boat as much so as those who were found on the island. It was agreed, and there was no discussion on this point, that the Mander family should be carried away in the brig, which was an English vessel bound for Jamaica; but the happy Mander would not ask any of the boat's crew to visit him at his home. Instead, he besought them to return to their vessel and bring back some clothes for women, if any such should be included in her cargo.

"My family," said he, "are not in fit condition to venture themselves among well-clad people. They are, indeed, more like savages than I am myself."

"I doubt," said Mander's friend, "if the ship carries goods of that description; but, perhaps, the captain might let you have a bale of cotton cloth, although I suppose—" and here he looked a little embarrassed.

"Oh, we can buy it," cried Dickory, taking some pieces of gold from his pocket, being coin with which Blackbeard had furnished him, swearing that his first lieutenant could not feel like a true officer without money in his pocket; "take this and fetch the cloth if nothing better can be had."

"Thank you," cried Mander, "my wife and daughters can soon fashion it into shape."

"And," added Dickory, reflecting a little and remembering the general hues of Lucilla's face, "if there be choice in colors let the cloth be pink."

When Mander and Dickory reached the house, they did not stop, but hurried on toward the cave, both of them together, for each thought only of the great joy they were taking with them.

"Come out! Come out!" shouted Mander, as he ran, and, before they reached the cave, its shuddering inmates had hurried into the light. When the cries and the tears and the embraces were over, Lucilla first looked at Dickory. She started, her face flushed and she was about to draw back, then she stopped, and, advancing, held out her hand.

"It cannot be helped," she said; "anyway, you have seen me before and I suppose it doesn't matter. I'm a sailor boy and have to own up to it. I did hope you would think of me as a young lady, but we are all so happy now that that doesn't matter. Oh, father!" she cried, "it can't be, we are not fit to be saved, we must perish here in our wretched rags."

"Not so," cried Dickory, with a bow; "I've already bought you a gown and I hope it is pink."

As they all hurried away, the tale of the hoped-for clothes was told, and, although Mrs. Mander wondered how gowns were to be made while a merchantman waited, she said nothing of her doubts, and they all ran gleefully. Lucilla and Dickory being the fleetest, led the others, and Dickory said, "Now that I have seen you thus I shall be almost sorry if that ship can furnish you with common clothes—what you wear becomes you so."

"Oho!" cried Lucilla, "that's fine flattery, sir; but I am glad you said it, for that speech has made me feel more like a woman than I have felt since I first put on this sailor's toggery."

In the afternoon the boat returned, Mander and Dickory watching on the beach. When it grounded, Davids, Mander's friend, jumped on shore, bearing in his arms a pile of great coarse sacks. These he threw upon the sand, and, handing to Dickory the gold pieces he had given him, said, "The captain sends word that he has no time to look over any goods to give or to sell, but he sends these sacks, out of which the women can fashion themselves gowns and so come aboard. Then the ship shall be searched for stuffs which will suit their purpose and which they can make at their leisure."

It was toward the close of the afternoon that all of the Mander family and Dickory came down to the boat which was waiting for them.

"Do you know," said Dickory, as he and Lucilla stood together on the sand, "that in that gown of gray, with the white sleeves and the red cord around your waist, you please me better than even you did when you wore your sailor garb?"

"And what matters it, sir, whether I please you or not?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The New Natural History—No. 10

By OLIVER HERFORD

THE ANT-EATER

SOME to the VIRTUOUS ANT may GO
To LEARN HER WAYS. Alas! not so
The ANT-EATER; he GOES, indeed,
But only on the ANT to feed.
Behold him, like PROVERBIAL SWINE!
On LIVING PEARLS of WISDOM dine!
O VIRTUOUS ANT, whose MORAL STATE
In CHILDHOOD'S HOUR we learned to HATE—
Whom COPYBOOKS and PROVERBS laud—
Unless you are a PIOUS FRAUD,
In that DARK MOMENT when you glide
Into the ANT-EATER'S INSIDE,
The THOUGHT some COMFORT may afford,
That VIRTUE is its *OWN* REWARD.

NEW YORK'S CABMEN

IN SPEAKING of the dangers to be encountered in the streets of New York, a Chicago woman complained bitterly of the unwelcome attentions of the metropolitan cabdrivers. She said: "On rainy days I have been dogged for two or three blocks by an impertinent cabman, who drove along beside me, leaning down from his box, and urging, coaxing, persuading me to engage him. It is sometimes even worse when a lady and a gentleman are together, for the cabman hopes to shame the man before the eyes of the woman into taking his cab, while at night after the theatre I have often seen a cabman force his horse directly into a group of men and women waiting for a car, and stop in the midst of them, his dancing horse spattering light, handsome dresses and terrifying women as well as enraging the men; for street cars never wait, and this impudent cab-driver often prevents persons from taking the car for which they have been waiting.

"This outrage goes on every day and every night in this city of New York, and so far, I have heard of no one, except Mark Twain, having taken the trouble to report and appear against one. Mark Twain's cab-driver overcharged him, but Mark Twain never would have taken all that trouble to insist on his rights as a citizen if he had not lived so long abroad in effete monarchies, where other people have rights besides the common people.

"However, let me not be too unjust to the city of my adoption. There was a cabman, who is attached to one of the best New York hotels, arrested and fined for insulting people who refused to engage him. He sinned once too often; for a haughty gentleman, who was not accustomed to being insulted, took issue with the cabman's form of remonstrance and there was trouble—and a reformed cabby."

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RIDING *for* WOMEN

By BELLE BEACH

ONE OF THE most important things for women to realize, when they commence to ride, is, that ten, twenty or forty lessons will not make experienced horsewomen of them. Riding should be considered an art as well as a sport; and I do not think any rational person would think of calling themselves finished singers, pianists or painters after ten or twenty lessons. Then why should riding be easy to learn—when it is not only difficult, but, if not learned properly, dangerous?

Riding looks easy, and it is easy; but not easy to learn. I am often asked what is the "best" age at which a woman should begin to ride, and my answer is, "Before she is a woman"; as a child, but not under the age of seven. Younger than that, a child's legs are so short that it is hard to keep them in position on the saddle, and the little mind is not developed enough to grasp the idea of strength, and what might be called the "intelligence of riding."

I have spoken of the "best" age to begin riding; I have also been asked the "proper" age, which is a vastly different thing. My reply to the "proper" age question is, "Any time."

Any woman possessed of the normal amount of courage has every chance of becoming a good horsewoman. She will not have the advantage of years of youthful practice, but close application will do much, and she can always bear in mind the true saying, that "Horsewomen are born, not made."

But being one of the "born" is not enough. It is a great thing to have the material there; yet a strictly "ready-made" rider is a bad thing. A certain knowledge of form and detail is necessary to produce a finished horsewoman.

We have been asked many times of late our opinion of women riding astride. I think that in some cases, as in games, it is permissible, even advisable; and some women hunt that way. In polo, for instance, where so much depends upon getting away quickly, riding straight, and rapid turning, the advantage of a leg on each side of a horse must be very great. Yet it is worthy of notice that the woman who played the best polo in Aiken last winter played in a side-saddle.

Many people have an idea that riding astride is safer than the side-saddle; that there is less danger of being dragged and more chance of escape if a horse falls. But with a safety skirt and safety stirrup, there is no chance of dragging from a side-saddle. Then, too, women are not usually physically adapted for a man's saddle; their legs are not long enough or strong enough to get a good grip astride.

The more plainly one dresses for the saddle the better. Safety skirts should always be worn. These are made in two different ways. One is practically nothing but an apron, and gives the effect of a skirt when in the saddle, but is awkward when one is dismounted. The other is more convenient. It is more like the ordinary habit skirt, but has an open seam, which is provided with fasteners, permitting it to be closed when off the horse and readily opened preparatory to mounting.

No other skirt should be worn beneath the habit skirt. Plain, close fitting underclothes add greatly to one's comfort in the saddle. Balbriggan drawers, such as boys wear, and socks are best. Stockings are bad, as they often wrinkle and chafe, and elastics sometimes interfere with the circulation.

Habits are preferably made of whipcords, or roughish dark materials. Black cloth habits are best for the show ring and park riding. The coats should be single-breasted, tight-fitting, and long enough to touch the horse in the back. Covert coats are very smart for outdoor riding. Norfolk jackets look well on slight people and children, and are most comfortable for country use. Khaki makes a desirable habit for summer. Also duck or crash; these latter stand tubbing, and look very smart and cool.

A plain straw sailor is the correct hat in summer, and the derby in winter. The silk hat is a thing of the past, as are also gauntlet gloves. Boots and gloves should always be worn a size larger than for ordinary use. Hatpins should never be worn. They look badly, and are dangerous in case of a fall. The hat should be kept on by a broad elastic. Jewels should not be worn; an appropriate pin for the stock is all that is necessary.

Ascot stocks, to my thinking, make the best neckwear. They are more comfortable than the collar and tie, and are very smart and appropriate.

Fancy or jewelled whips are bad form. A plain stick or light polo whip is correct.

Hair should always be done smoothly and low—either braided and tied with a ribbon, or coiled so tightly that it cannot come down.

MOUNTING: FIRST POSITION

Hats should be worn more like a man's—well down on the head, not perched upon the hair. While it must be remembered that "fine habits do not make fine riders," still a badly dressed woman, no matter how well she rides, appears at a disadvantage.

I am often asked the correct way to mount and dismount from the ground, and have endeavored to show in the accompanying illustrations. In mounting unaided, unless you have a height of at least eight inches from the ground, lower the stirrup to the last hole, and, when in the saddle, adjust it to its regular length.

It is better for beginners to learn on a quiet horse; and, I should like to add, that learning to ride and learning horsemanship are two different things. Too much courage is as bad as too little, for too much courage leads to recklessness, and recklessness is the cause of many accidents. Discretion is a most important thing in riding. A realization of the horse's ability, and of yours, and a proper respect for both—this is the first lesson in horsemanship.

I should like to give a few words of advice in regard to accidents. Some of the most serious accidents that have happened to women have been caused by their being thrown off to the right of their horse, and hanging by the skirt or stirrup. If a horse shies to the right, one should always remember to throw one's weight over to the left; this brings the legs nearer the pommels and gets one again in balance; whereas, if one throws the weight to the right, the legs lose their grip and, consequently, the body is thrown off to the right, hanging by the skirt or stirrup—unless these are safety.

Another most important thing is, *Never*, under any circumstances, let go of the reins. Control of the horse once lost, the rider is completely at his mercy. If a horse turns with you suddenly, instead of pulling him in the opposite direction from which he has turned, pull him around in the same direction until you have brought his head in the original direction you have wished him to go. Horses are very much like children, they need to be managed, not bullied. In other words, to quote one of our greatest exponents of the

MOUNTING: SECOND POSITION

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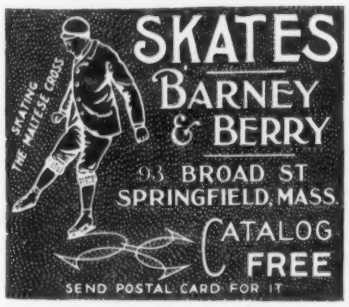

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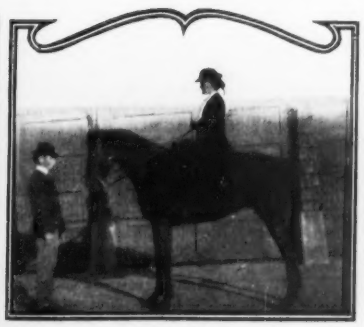

MOUNTED

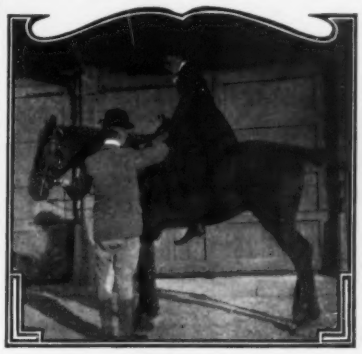
Boucher method—to my mind the best—"It is not the effect of strength, but the strength of effect."

It is easier to acquire a good seat than good hands. Good hands are a natural gift, but bad hands can be improved. Yet, without having a good seat the hands cannot be light. In other words, to have good hands you must have a good seat, but you can have a good seat and still have poor hands.

It seems a pity that no established type of woman's saddle-horse has yet been set by the National Horse Show Association. A regularly recognized type would be of inestimable value to both breeders and exhibitors. Different judges, with their own ideas, are employed in the different shows, and, to use a slang expression, "we are kept guessing."

It would be well for women riding in shows to learn a few things, beginning with the good old saying, "Speak when you're spoken to, come when you're called." No matter how pretty a woman is, or how handsome her horse, she can make herself a great nuisance to the judges, who are not there to judge anything but horses.

If you do not approve of the judge in a show, do not enter your horse for competition and then express your disapproval of his awards, even if the judging was not to


DISMOUNTING

your liking. Do not canter a horse right and left, when you've been asked to simply canter. Do not do circles and figure eights when you've been asked to trot straight up and down.

In fact, do in a businesslike way what is asked of you, and show your horse to his best advantage in a quiet, ladylike manner.

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KEEN COLLEGE MEN.

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Memorial Hall at Harvard, where some twelve hundred of the men eat, is particularly interesting. The dining-room is an enormous gothic hall finished in old English oak with wide, stained-glass windows on the sides. The walls are hung with portraits of illustrious graduates and benefactors of past generations.

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One is particularly struck by the yellow packages of Grape-Nuts standing on nearly every table, which the men purchase at grocery stores and bring in for their personal use. They quickly find out by practical demonstration that brain work exhausts the phosphates, and that nature demands that this loss be made up, and made up from food.

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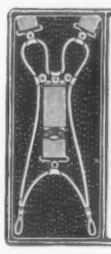

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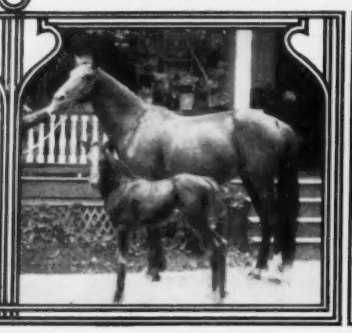
THE ARAB BLOOD IN AMERICA

By JOHN GILMER SPEED

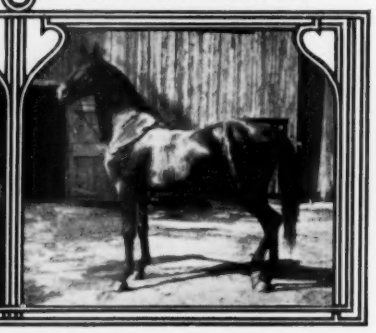
IMPORTED ARAB NIMR

NAOMI AND KHALED, 13 DAYS OLD



NIMROD, HALF-BRED ARAB

CLAY KISMET, HALF-BRED ARAB



THIS IS A VERY critical period in the horse-breeding industry in America. The new agencies in substitution of horses are multiplying and the inventors are making practical successes out of what a decade or so ago the public looked upon as merely interesting experiments. Extremists, after their kind, have gone so far as to predict a "horseless age" and to declare that we were on the eve of that time. There need be no fear of that consummation, but the indisputable fact confronts us that in many fields of work the horse is no longer as essential as formerly.

TRUTHS ABOUT TROTTERS

Some of us have hugged the delusion that we had in this country a distinctively American type of horse, and we have sung the praises of the standard-bred trotter with an enthusiastic zeal which betrayed us into the belief that this was a fixed type, unexampled in speed and unexcelled in staying qualities. An animal type cannot be said to be established until there is the capacity to reproduce itself with reasonable certainty. This surely is not the case with the American trotter to-day, nor has it ever been. The fact that some trotters in this country have travelled with phenomenal speed has deceived us into the notion that we were breeding great families of trotters which were ever improving not only in speed but in stamina and in conformation. When we consider the vast number of "standard breds" produced every year all over the country, from Maine to California, and then look at the brief records which show the number that go phenomenally fast, the conclusion is inevitable that the type is not fixed and does not reproduce itself even on the average.

THE ARAB AND THE BARB

The great horse-types of the world are all founded upon the blood of the Arab and Barb horses, the indigenous equines of the Eastern world, kept pure by the nomad tribes of Arabia so long that history goes not beyond it. The Arab horses have been kept pure in blood because they have never been bred in droves, great numbers never being desired, quality being the aim. They have always been a special pride with the great Aeniza tribes, born and growing up as part of the wandering families. Their use has been always in sport, in war, and in marauding, and never for work or burden-bearing. While all the great Aeniza nomads breed horses, not all are specially so interested, some being more given to sheep, camels, and cattle. The chiefs or great sheiklis and rich men of the tribes keep a monopoly of the breeding of horses and do not permit one to leave the tribe without a special permit, which is never issued without very good reason. This is not because of sentiment, but more as a policy of protection. They do not wish to give to others the opportunity to vie with them in the production of wealth and the acquisition of the means of distinction and rank. As a general thing, the Arab horses of pure breed that have gone out of Arabia have been the prizes of war or gifts for some signal service rendered. And very few mares have been either captured or given away. None has been sold.

I have said that we have several times just escaped having an American type. One time was, in the early part of the nineteenth century, when the Morgan horse was popular in many parts of New England and highly valued even in Kentucky. Now this Morgan horse was undoubtedly of Arab origin. I have no record to prove this, but the external evidence is entirely convincing. In size, conformation, action, temper, courage, and speed, the Morgan horse of song and story was very much what the produce of a pure Arab stallion and a well-shaped, every-day kind of a mare would be to-day. Moreover, the Morgan horse was a type and not a family. It is likely that the type was lost in the endeavor to create a family. The name of Morgan was given to a stallion of the type, and in the course of twenty years all horses of the type were called Morgans. It is not necessary to go to records to prove what the Morgans were. The horse records of this country, before the establishment of official registers, are merely tabulated fictions and are absolutely worthless as proof of either fact or theory. When the Hambletonian craze took possession of the American horse breeder, the Morgan type was lost sight of in the desire of every man to produce a horse with action as ungainly as that of a dromedary and with head as big as a barrel.

GENERAL GRANT'S STALLIONS

Then, again, we came near to establishing a distinctive type with Mr. Dorsey's Golddusts, the progeny of a Kentucky horse in whose blood there was a mixture of fresh Arab with that of the Morgan type. The War of the Rebellion interfered with the development of this type, and after the civil conflict the Hambletonian theory of breeding was so popular that to advocate anything else was heresy to be punished in the most condign way. Then we had the effort of Mr. Randolph Huntington to establish a type by mixing the blood of General Grant's Arab stallions with the mares of the Clay family. It will be recalled that when General Grant made his famous tour of the world he stopped at Constantinople, and was entertained by the Sultan, who gave the American soldier, as a souvenir of his visit, two stallions, Leopard and Linden Tree. These horses were landed in America in 1879, and Mr. Huntington at once began making arrangements to breed to them. Mr. Huntington has theories as to inbreeding, or close breeding, as he prefers to call it, that are more in consonance with the ideas that prevail abroad than here. He tried to get for his experiment in which the Grant Arabians were to figure, some virgin mares of a family of horses which showed more Arabian characteristics than any other. These mares were of the Henry Clay family. Mr. Huntington got six or more that were to his liking, and, with General Grant's approval, they were bred to the Arabian stallions. Here was the beginning of an experiment which would before this have demonstrated the soundness of Mr. Huntington's theories, had it not been that one of his associates in business was dishonest and his actions brought on a collapse which resulted in the disposal, by sale, of the horses which were to be the begetters of the new type.

But Mr. Huntington kept on in the face of this discouragement, and now, at Oyster Bay, Long Island, he has the best collection of pure and half-bred Arabs to be found anywhere in the world away from the indigenous home of this very beautiful animal. How Mr. Huntington acquired these specimens is a story in itself, and well worth telling some other time. But it is all as straight as a string, and the scientific horsebreeders in Europe count him as among the elect in the select coterie of men who recognize the value of the Arab blood and the necessity to return frequently to the original source for a renewal of that primitive virtue which keeps the blood pure and potent. The extent to which Mr. Huntington carries inbreeding or close breeding is startling to one who has entertained the current ideas of the day; but the result shows that he is not making any missteps. He has a pure-bred stallion of his own breeding, "Khaled," which is 15 hands 3½ inches in height. Now this horse has the same mare for dam and grandam, and yet he is perfect in conformation and action, strong in constitution, without a blemish, and so tall and large that one looking at him must throw away at once the idea that Arab horses are only ponies. There is nothing of the pony about "Khaled," nor yet about his sire, "Nimr," a horse only 15 hands high, but every inch a horse. "Nimr" was sired by "Kismet," an Arab that had a phenomenal racing record in India and later in England, winning vast sums in the long-distance races that were arranged for him.

"CLAY KISMET"

"Clay Kismet" is a red chestnut stallion four years old, sired by the pure-bred Arab "Nimr" out of the dam "Clay Gipsey," a mare seven times inbred to old Henry Clay. He is 16¼ hands high and as symmetrical a piece of horseflesh as was ever seen. Here is a horse fit for a gentleman to ride or drive, or equally suitable for My Lady's carriage; here is a horse which, as a fixed type, would be worthy of the pride of a people. And this is what Mr. Huntington is aiming at. He is an elderly man, being seventy-two, but the spirit in him is high and strong. The setback of a few years ago, when the horses he had been striving for fifteen years to breed and collect were sold and scattered, was a severe blow, but it did not kill either his faith or his courage. With what he saved from that wreck and from new importations, he has gone ahead until he now has some forty head of horses, all with the best strains of the desert coursing in their veins.

The conformation of the specimens Mr. Huntington has in his collection is perfect in symmetry, the action is clean and graceful, while the manners of his horses cannot be improved. When they walk or trot they pick up their feet cleanly and keep them under the body without the faintest suggestion of wabbling or lateral motion. The knee action is not as high as that of the hackney, but it is quite high enough, and is as smooth as possible, while full of grace. A man who would want anything better to ride or drive would be hard to suit and impossible to please.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ABOUT TO ENTER CARRIAGE AFTER VOTING AT FISHER HALL, OYSTER BAY

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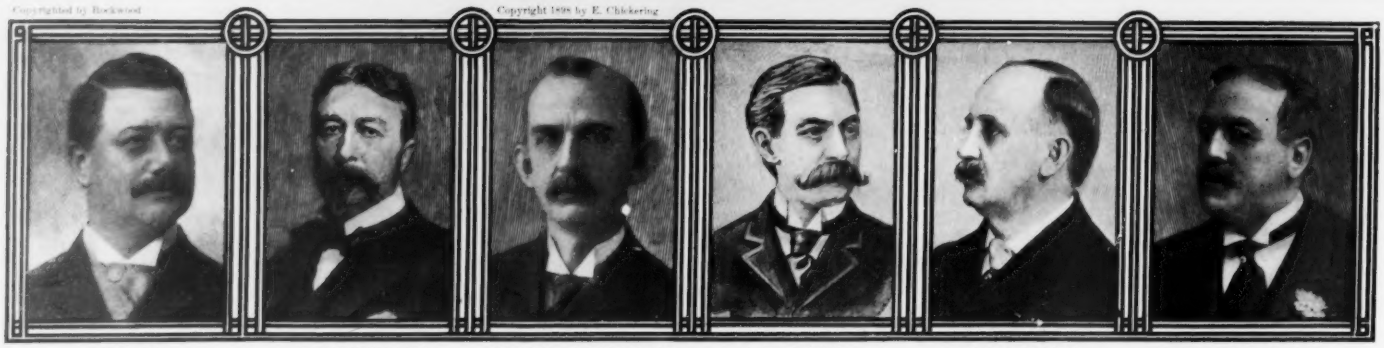

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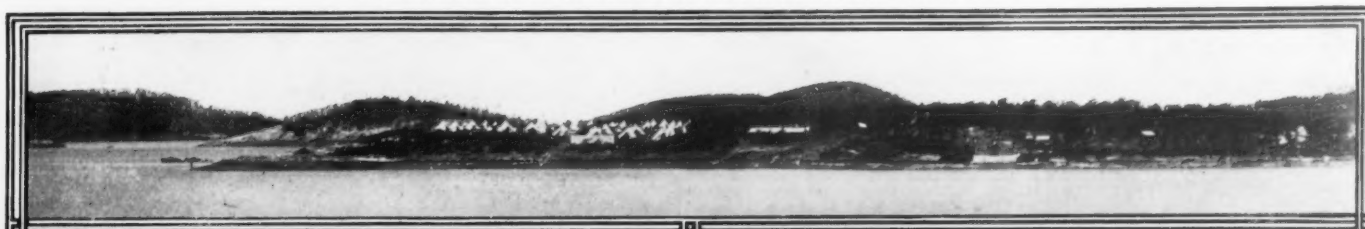
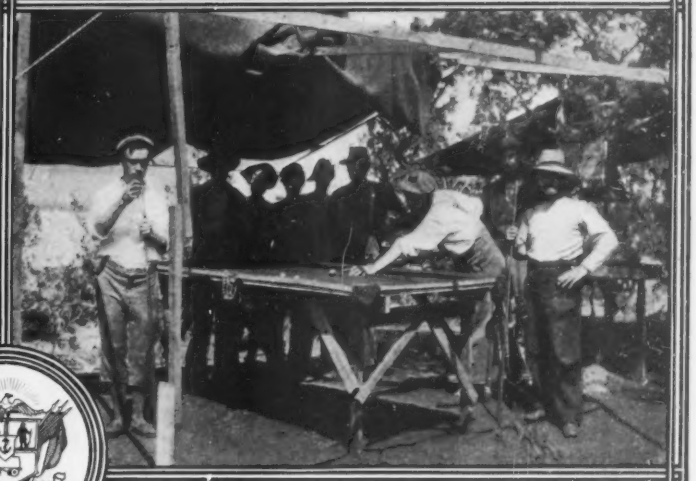
THE VOTING OF THE PRESIDENT AND SOME PROMINENT ELECTION RESULTS IN SIX STATES

WITH THE BOER PRISONERS IN BERMUDA

A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE CAMP OF THE BOER PRISONERS ON DARRELL'S ISLAND, BERMUDA

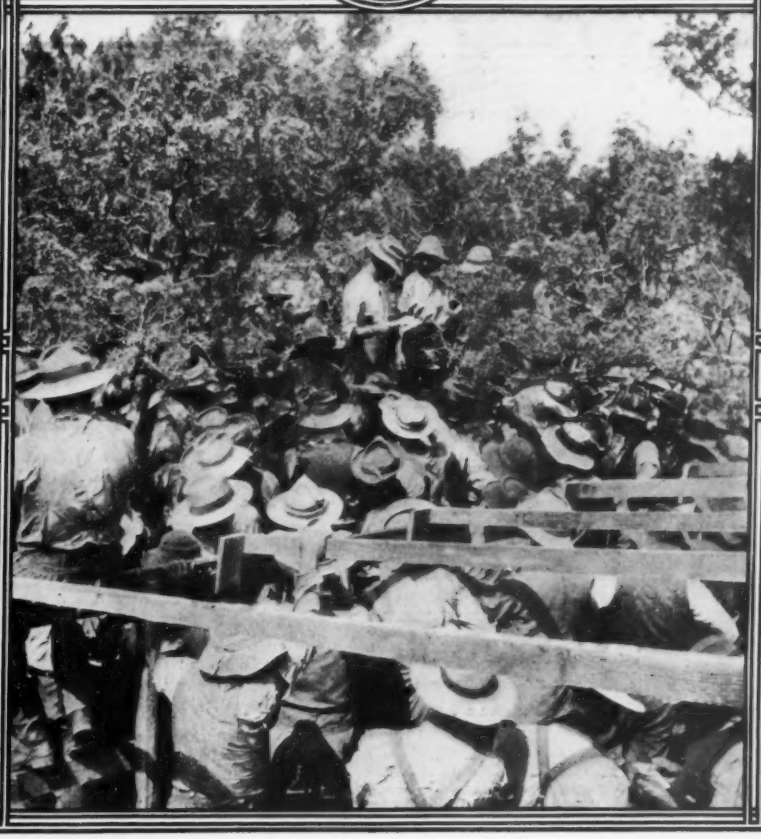


SPORTS ON PRESIDENT KRUGER'S BIRTHDAY—A POTATO RACE



PLAYING BILLIARDS ON A CAMP-MADE BILLIARD TABLE

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CAMP



LETTER DAY IN THE BOER CAMP ON DARRELL'S ISLAND

A WATER CONDENSER

ROLL-CALL AT CAMP DARRELL

A BOER RESTAURANT

THE RECENT ATTEMPT to escape of three Boer burghers from the confines of Darrell's Island, Bermuda, and from Bermuda itself via St. Georges, recalls to mind that Great Britain has transported 3,607 of the burghers, who are detained as prisoners of war, to the coral islands in the lagoon that forms the beautiful inner harbor of the port of Hamilton. Through the courtesy of Mr. Frank H. Vizetelly, whom Sir G. Digby Barker, the Governor, permitted to inspect the islands and penetrate the Boer laagers, we have obtained the accompanying photographs of the life of the Boer burghers in camp. Frank H. Vizetelly is the only civilian who has been permitted to interview the Boer burghers in their West Indian prison of Bermuda. The illustrations of the interior of the Boer laager on the island are from photographs taken at Mr. Vizetelly's request by Mr. Escherlach; the photographs of life on Darrell's Island were taken also for him by Mr. Hóniche, the secretary of the Boer Laager Industrial Association there. Both these gentlemen are prisoners of war. The photographs were developed, printed, and toned in camp.

In addition to the prisoners of war, a detachment of prisoners sentenced to various terms of detention for conspiracy, violation of the oath of allegiance, and treason, are confined in the military prison at St. Georges. There are forty of these, including the Frenchman, De Courville, who, together with a German officer, plotted to overpower the guards on the transport *Armenian* and sail the ship to New York. The latter have recently been transferred to one of the islands off Hamilton. The sentence of these unfortunates is life detention with hard labor. Among them are two brothers named Kruger, a noted Cape rebel named Zije, and six members of a family named Cootye. These men are in solitary confinement, and are subjected to strict prison discipline. The jail at St. Georges is situated twelve miles from Hamilton, in the bay of which the islets where the prisoners are detained dot the surface of a placid sea.

The gloomy depths of the Walsingham Caves, reached by a precipitous descent from the roadway, which afford natural seclusion to any one anxious to hide, were thought to be the asylum where two evading prisoners had concealed themselves, and the vicinity was scoured by a patrol, but the search was fruitless. Ultimately, the men, who had made a strong bid for liberty, were trapped making for the home of one of the prominent residents whose liberality and sympathy for the prisoners was well known.

That there is some suffering among the burghers is true. But it is not physical. It is due chiefly to the lack of such articles as would bring greater comfort to the prisoners. Shoes and clothing of the better kind especially are needed. The British authorities supply clothing to those who are unable to pay the nominal sum charged for it.

The American Tract Society has recently consented to print a hymnal for the use of the burghers detained in Bermuda. This was prepared by the Rev. J. R. Albertyn, who has been ministering to the spiritual welfare of his unfortunate fellow-countrymen—a grateful office, under the circumstances.

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England and Her Army of Boer Prisoners

By FRED COOK, Correspondent London "Times"

THE AVERAGE newspaper reader has, by this time, become tired of the British-Boer war, and probably does not realize the vast expenditure of blood and treasure since the memorable 9th of October, 1899, when the South African Republic transmitted its ultimatum to the British authorities. The British casualties (killed) to date total over 25,000, and the cost of the war, when the present guerilla operations come to an end, cannot amount to less than $1,500,000,000. The total casualties of the Boers will probably never be known. Captain Carl Reichman, of the Seventeenth United States Infantry, in his interesting report on the operations of the Boer army, figures out that at one time there were as many as 52,263 Boers in the field. The system of registration, however, by the identity department of the South African Republic was very defective.

REFUGEES AND PRISONERS OF WAR

In addition to those killed in war thousands of women and children have lost their lives through privation and suffering. At the present time the total number of Boer refugees who are in receipt of relief from the English authorities exceeds 100,000.

It has been with the Boer prisoners that the authorities of Downing Street have experienced the greatest difficulty. There are now in the hands of the British considerably over 35,000 of the enemy, the greater proportion of whom were captured, but a large percentage came in by voluntary surrender. Having borne arms, it was necessary to place them under close surveillance. If all were retained in South Africa, it would necessitate the withdrawal of a vast number of troops from the field; hence the authorities had to look abroad. Especially was prompt action necessary after the terrible blow which the Boers received on the anniversary of Majuba Day last year, when Cronje and 4,680 of his force surrendered to the British at Paardeberg. St. Helena, the island which became famous as the spot where the great Napoleon spent the closing years of his life, was selected as the prison site for Cronje and his men. There are at present in St. Helena nearly 5,000 Boer prisoners. As the island only covers an area of forty-seven square miles, it was not felt advisable to increase the number of prisoners there, and accordingly Ceylon and certain places in India were chosen for prison camps. Then there was another selection—the Bermuda Islands—the present home of some 3,000 Boers.

The particular reason why the British authorities selected the Bermudas as a Boer prisoners' camp has not transpired, as the islands are not without certain disadvantages. At one time it was suggested that a few thousand Boers should be sent to Canada, but a formal request was not preferred to the Dominion Government, and if it had been, judging from the temper of public opinion in Canada, the request would have been refused. Downing Street had made application to the self-governing colony of Tasmania, and while the Tasmanians were not unwilling to receive the Boers, the new Commonwealth government said nay. Accordingly, not desiring to increase the number of prisoners in any existing camp to more than 6,000 or 7,000, it was decided to take advantage of the presence of the military and the naval forces at Bermuda to establish a camp there.

CAMP LIFE IN THE BERMUDAS

The men in each camp are astir by 5.30 A.M., and within less than an hour the smoke of the camp-fires is ascending. The Boers take it in turns to do the cooking, but when one prisoner shows a particular aptitude in the culinary department he is kept there, and relieved from the round of camp duties. Any assistance he may require is furnished to him by his fellow prisoners. The strictest rules are enforced to preserve the sanitary condition of the camps and bathing parades are of frequent occurrence. The difference in the appearance of the prisoners within one week after their arrival was most noticeable. A generous list of rations is supplied by the Colonial authorities, the daily bill of fare for each man consisting of one and one-fourth pounds of bread, one pound of fresh meat, one ounce of coffee or tea, three ounces of sugar, milk, vegetables, and potatoes. Occasionally the prisoners are given an allowance of jam. Many a poor English Tommy on the South African veldt, who has been suffering from an "aching void" for days and months, would be glad to sit down to such excellent diet. The prisoners, as a rule, are well behaved, and are anxious for work.

Many of the Bermuda prisoners are miserably poor, and naturally anxious to earn a little money. As at St. Helena, they have shown their aptitude at carving, both in wood and bone, and one of the stores in Hamilton has already for sale a large quantity of souvenirs consisting of pipes, sticks, tobacco-bowls, toothpicks, etc., which it is expected will be readily picked up by Americans and Canadians who will visit the islands during the coming tourist season.

IN EXILE ON NAPOLEON'S ISLAND

At Deadwood Camp, on the island of St. Helena, some 4,500 Boers are incarcerated. The treatment accorded to them, as at other camps, is of a generous character, but all the prisoners complain of their enforced idleness, which has a tendency to create melancholia. General Cronje, never a communicative man, has, if anything, become more reticent at Deadwood, and his wife is tortured with the belief that the English want to burn her husband and herself. Governor Sterndale has shown every disposition to ameliorate the conditions of the Boers by encouraging them in useful enterprises. Ample opportunity is afforded for recreation, and they have their cricket, football, and tennis grounds. Every twelve men have a tent allotted to them, but they are allowed to build a house if they so desire. In that case a grant of land is made to them and many rough huts, affording a greater degree of comfort than canvas structures, have been erected. Some of the prisoners are allowed to work outside the camp at farming, but this concession applies to a few only.

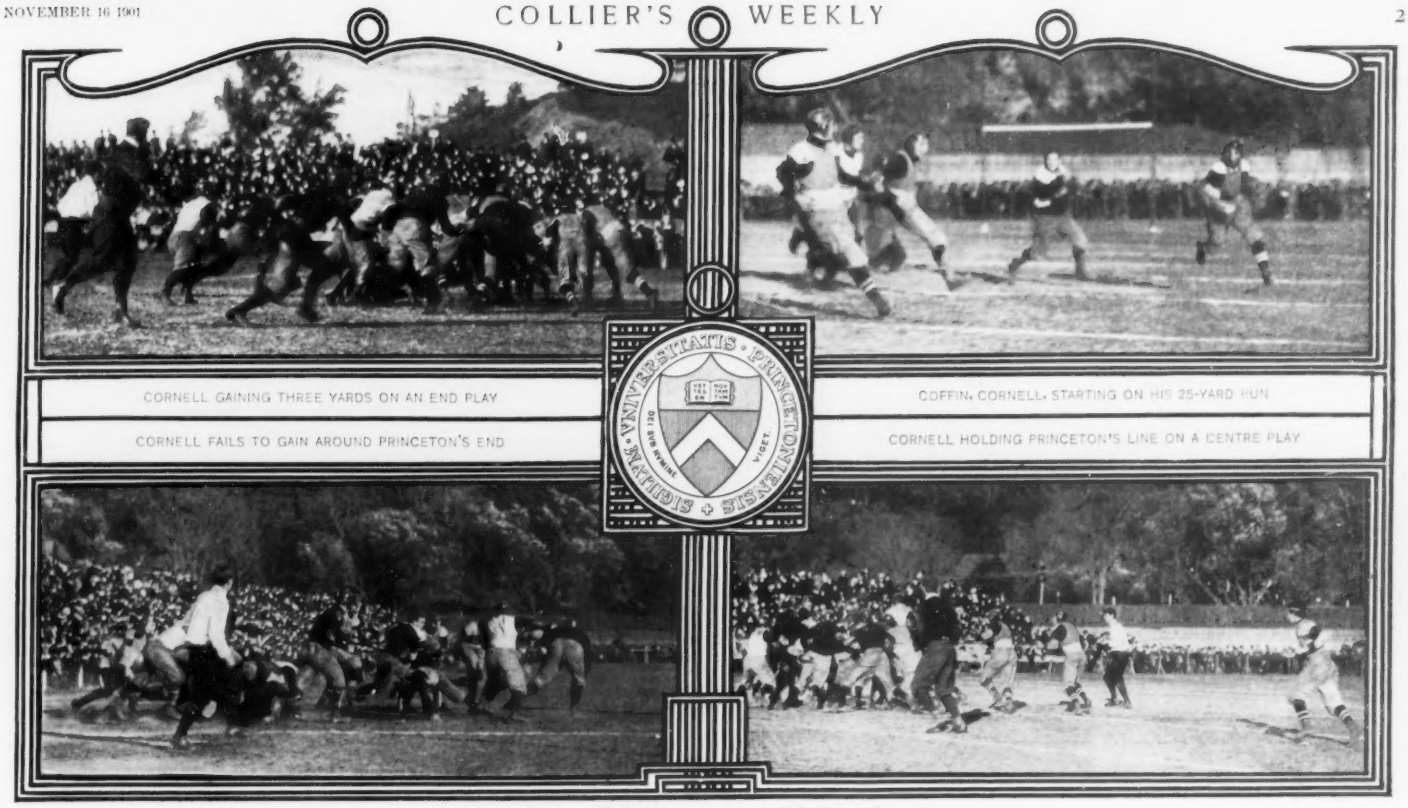
TRANSVAAL PRISONERS IN INDIA

Among other places outside of South Africa, to which Boer prisoners have been sent, are Ahmednagar, in the Bombay presidency; Trichinopoly, in the Madras presidency of India; and at Diyatalawa, a few hours' journey by railway from Colombo, in the island of Ceylon. Millions of rupees have been spent by the Imperial Government in the formation of this camp, where 5,000 Boers are detained. The altitude of the camp above sea level is about 4,000 feet, and the district is recognized to be the most salubrious in Ceylon. It is the district which is considered "perfection" for residential life in the island. There is an annual average rainfall of about sixty-seven inches, falling on one hundred and twenty days, with an average temperature of sixty-five degrees.

The sanitation of the camp is admirable; a good water supply has been introduced and distributed, roads have been constructed, and a tramway is operated between the camps and the storehouses. There are no fewer than twenty-five nationalities represented among the prisoners, including Hollanders, Russians, Germans, Italians, Scandinavians, Irish, French, Montenegrins, Argentinians, etc. Visitors to the camp notice quite a difference between the Free Staters and the Transvaal prisoners, the latter being of a much rougher class. Taken on the whole, the lot of the Boer prisoner of war is not an unhappy one. In some cases he has even been "coddled," to the great disgust of Tommy Atkins and his friends. A few weeks ago, when enteric fever was carried to Ceylon by a detachment of the Gloucesters, and certain Boers were affected, when they became convalescent they were given a trip by sea around the island. No such pleasant treatment, however, for the British regular. He could swelter on his hospital cot, while the uncouth Boer was, mayhap, enjoying the refreshing breezes of the Indian Ocean from the deck of a steamer.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN THE BOERS ARE SET FREE?

A serious problem will have to be faced by the British Government when the war is over and the time comes to release the prisoners from the different camps. Many a prisoner has declared that the belief was general in the South African Republic before hostilities commenced that there would be no war at all—the Boers felt sure that the British Government would come to terms without a shot being fired. The Gladstonian surrender after Majuba, in 1881, doubtless led to this conclusion. But, once into the fight, there was no withdrawing. It had to be fought out to the bitter end; and it has been. One thing is certain, from conversations had frequently with the prisoners, that no matter how generously the British may treat them now, the Boers will never settle down under British rule. The race hatred engendered by this war will not be extinguished for generations, and the declared policy of the British Government that only the English language will be permitted in the annexed republics has served to accentuate the existing feeling of hatred. The British Government would be just as well pleased if the Boers now at Bermuda, St. Helena, Ceylon, and in India never returned to South Africa. Some will, doubtless, settle in the Netherlands, whence their forefathers came, but a great majority, it is believed, will ultimately establish homes for themselves under the Stars and Stripes.



CORNELL GAINING THREE YARDS ON AN END PLAY

COFFIN, CORNELL, STARTING ON HIS 25-YARD RUN

CORNELL FAILS TO GAIN AROUND PRINCETON'S END

CORNELL HOLDING PRINCETON'S LINE ON A CENTRE PLAY

PRINCETON *vs.* CORNELL

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

EDITED BY WALTER CAMP

HAROLD WEEKES

PRINCETON 8 CORNELL 6

PRINCETON journeyed to Ithaca with memories of two disastrous defeats at the hands of Cornell. In fact, not since 1898 had Princeton been able to win from Cornell. Moreover, Princeton has a special interest in defeating the Ithacans, because Pennsylvania has defeated Cornell for a number of years, and the only measure a Princeton man can get of his team as compared with that of Pennsylvania is thus vicarious. Any one who saw the Princeton team leave for Ithaca would have supposed that the game was a Yale contest, so enthusiastic were the supporters of the team, and so vigorously did Princeton set out to wipe out the defeats of the last two seasons. The New Jersey men took up their strongest team, having patched them up with a good deal of care and tenderness since the hard struggle with Lafayette—which, by the way, did the Princeton team more good than any contest it has had thus far this season. The most lugubrious reports had been coming from Ithaca for a week past, and any one who credited them all must have concluded that there would be no team left to face Princeton, and that only the umpire and referee, with the time-keepers, would appear on the field with a substitute aggregation. There has been a goodly measure of truth in these reports, for Cornell has gone through an unfortunate period, illness even having assailed Coach Starbuck a short time ago. When the two teams lined up, it was found that most of Cornell's best men were in the game and promised to stay there.

Before six thousand people, one of the most sensational games of the season took place. Cornell had the kick-off, and sent the ball to McClave of Princeton, who ran it back to his thirty-yard line. Princeton at once kicked, but the ball went out of bounds, and Cornell began smashing the centre and circling the end with irresistible dash until she carried the ball to Princeton's eight-yard line; here the visitors held on downs, and DeWitt got a chance to punt the ball out of danger. The ball moved up and down the field with considerable variation, but no definite advantage to either side, DeWitt trying once to kick for goal from the forty-yard line, but failing. Time was called at the end of the first half, with no points for either side.

The second half was wildly exciting. Within ten minutes, Cornell had forced Princeton down within the Tiger's ten-yard line. DeWitt was called upon for a punt. The ball did not come back to him very well and he was slow in getting it off. Cornell's line was through on him, blocked the kick, and Coffin carried it over the line for a touchdown. The crowd went wild, and was simply delirious when the touchdown was converted, by a good kick, into a goal. Then came Princeton's turn. After the kick-off, she had worked the ball down to Cornell's forty-yard line. Here she tried a delayed pass, the ball going to Pearson, who had almost a clear run for a touchdown. Princeton turned it into a goal, and the score was tied. The two teams fought on until there was but three minutes left to play. A further score looked improbable. DeWitt, however, tried a drop for goal. It failed, but the ball hit the goal post and glanced off. Brewster of Cornell hesitated and McClave watched him. Then Brewster seized the ball and, so it was adjudged by Wrightington the referee, stepped across his own line with it and was instantly thrown by McClave; a safety was scored, and Princeton won by the slender margin of two points!

COLUMBIA 10 PENNSYLVANIA 0

Seven years ago the University of Pennsylvania appeared for the last time in New York. Hence upon the occasion of her meeting with Columbia, on Saturday, there was an unusual amount of interest centred in the visitors; but the sympathy was all on the side of Sanford's men. The Yale game of a week before had told a good deal upon some of the Columbia line men, and they lacked a little of the dash and steadiness exhibited in the Yale contest. Pennsylvania also had been through a hard time in her trip to Chicago and back the previous Saturday and her contest with Stagg's men. Pennsylvania defeated Columbia last year 30 to 0, and the memory of this was fresh in the minds of the Columbia men. They meant to defeat one of the so-called Big Four, and here was their last chance this season.

In spite of the fact that the chances, as indicated by the odds, were said to be at least five to three on Pennsylvania, there was a feeling, when the big Columbia men trooped on to the field, that the pupils of Woodruff would have a difficult task in getting past that sturdy line. The result proved the truth of such a sensation; for from the very start, even though taking no advantage by kicks of the extremely favoring wind that was blowing, Columbia pushed the Quakers past one five-yard line after another until she had carried the ball a good sixty yards; then her force became a little exhausted and Pennsylvania had a chance at the ball. It was at once apparent that Pennsylvania could make no material gains against Sanford's powerful aggregation. She was forced to kick, and Columbia began her rushing game once more. After all, it was Weekes' end running and Pennsylvania's weak defence to plays of this nature that eventually decided the issue, for the first touchdown came through a magnificent long end run of the Columbia half-back, and, be

SMITH, COLUMBIA'S RIGHT HALF, GOING THROUGH PENNSYLVANIA'S LINE

BERRIEN, COLUMBIA'S FULL-BACK, GAINING THREE YARDS THROUGH PENNSYLVANIA'S CENTRE

HAROLD WEEKES, COLUMBIA'S STAR HALF-BACK, HURDLING PENNSYLVANIA'S LINE

COLUMBIA *vs.* PENNSYLVANIA

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DE SAULLES RETURNING GRAVES' KICK-OFF FOR A GAIN OF TWENTY YARDS

CHADWICK GAINING FIVE YARDS THROUGH CENTRE

YALE *vs.* WEST POINT

fore the game was over, Pennsylvania had learned to fear him more than any one else on the field. Columbia scored twice in the first half, but through playing a running game pure and simple, and getting no rest by means of kicking, she gave Pennsylvania a chance in the second half which, had it not been for some extremely erratic judgment in the use of plays, would certainly have resulted in a score for the visitors. As it was, after having worked the quarter-back kick twice successfully, Pennsylvania attempted, when close up to Columbia's goal, some kind of a "fake" play, which, whatever may have been its intention, eventuated in the ball being passed directly back into the open field toward Pennsylvania's own goal, with nobody anywhere near it. Pennsylvania managed to recover the ball, but her chance for a touchdown was gone. Then she tried a goal from placement, which barely missed scoring, going just six inches to the right of the goal post. After that, Columbia kept her well away, and the final score stood, as at the end of the first half, 10 to 0 in favor of Sanford's men. Pennsylvania had the better of the punting throughout the game, but that was her sole point of superiority. Teas did some good work, both on offence and defence, and Pickarski at times made good gains. For Columbia, the star was Weekes, but Smith proved himself a strong ground-gainer, and Morley was, as usual, a bulwark of strength in defensive play.

YALE 5 WEST POINT 5

After the extremely close game between Harvard and West Point unusual interest centred in the visit of Yale to the Academy. The Cadets had only half-concealed hopes to give Yale a surprise, and the collegians came up with considerable trepidation owing to the rather weak practice of the last few days. It is no wonder that the Yale man always looks with proper appreciation on the fact that his team must play up to its limit to ensure a victory at the Academy. Yale, therefore, took up, with the exception of two cripples, her best and strongest team. The defence for tackle-back had been planned out and had been practiced assiduously; and, moreover, West Point had been advised forcibly that in the kicking game her team simply outclassed the Yale men.

The supporters of Yale had several successive attacks of heart disease during the last half of the game, for the soldier boys menaced her goal repeatedly, and Daly finally succeeded in getting a kick over the bar, which tied the score. The defence of Yale proved strong enough to keep the Cadets from securing a touchdown, and the attack of the visitors in the first half was sufficiently powerful to beat its way down to and across the enemy's line. But when that has been said, the limits of Yale have been reached. In kicking and in handling punts, the West Point team was far superior. Yale fumbled atrociously at critical moments, and seemed unable to secure anything like a firm hold upon the elusive sphere. It was an attack of the fumbles that has so many times, and upon other fields, set coaches to wringing their hands in utter despair. It happened to Yale's quarter-back last year in the very midst of the Princeton game and caused a change in the line-up for the Harvard game. But it must not be forgotten that West Point put up a wonderfully strong game, that Daly kicked superbly and that his men supported him most ably. Yale did her best, and had out all the strength she could muster, and West Point not only held her and tied the score, but forced her desperately hard during the second half.

HARVARD 48 BROWN 0

Harvard, who has always had some hard games with Brown, discovered in the Providence team, this year, a decidedly inferior team. The Cambridge men looked forward to this contest as a good practice match previous to the Pennsylvania game. Not severe enough to cripple players, but just right to give them an opportunity of testing their plays and their defence. It proved a good thing in the way of testing the offence, but Brown played a very different game from that which Harvard will meet at Pennsylvania, and consequently no measure could be obtained of the defensive work. The result was what had been anticipated, Brown being entirely incompetent to hold the Cambridge attack, Kernan running through the Providence line as though it were made of paper, and the score mounting up higher and higher. After it reached 24, Kernan was retired, and Putnam took his place; but this seemed to relieve Brown very little, and the scoring went right on, until the Cambridge team had run up the appalling score of 48 points.

OTHER GAMES

Amherst defeated Bowdoin 29 to 0; Williams beat Hamilton 33 to 0; Lafayette held her old foe, Lehigh, at her mercy and scored 26 points to the visitors' zero; Annapolis won from Dickinson 12 to 6; Bucknell beat Gettysburg 51 to 6; Dartmouth defeated Wesleyan 29 to 12; Michigan beat Carlisle 22 to 0. Beloit played a most remarkable game against Chicago. The latter had them beaten 17 to 0 when Beloit suddenly found herself and ran up enough points before the end of the game to tie the score. Tufts beat Trinity 21 to 0; Wisconsin beat Nebraska 18 to 0, and Illinois beat Indiana by a similar score; Nashville beat the University of the South 39 to 0, and Kentucky beat Tennessee 6 to 0.

COLUMBIA 18 GEORGETOWN 0

Columbia defeated Georgetown on Election Day 18 to 0, in twenty-five and twenty minute halves. In the first half, Columbia made one touchdown and Morley kicked goal. Straight football was played throughout, very little kicking being done. In the second half, Columbia played a faster game, getting 12 points. Georgetown was in good condition and played a strong game, and it was not from a lack of sand on their part that they did not score. The feature of the game was the team-work of the Columbia back-field. It is the opinion of many who saw the game that the Blue and White has the best set of backs in the country.

AUTOMOBILE SHOW

The second annual exhibition under the auspices of the Automobile Club of America might be called a stationary exhibit. There is no track, and everything is at rest. This was a necessity of the confined space, but it was a disappointment to many. The machines on exhibition varied from a $550 runabout to a $15,000 French racer. The classes are badly mixed, but the largest number of vehicles are those operated by gasolene, with steam next, and electric vehicles third. The loan exhibit contained Mr. W. C. Greene's French forty-horsepower racer; also Mr. Harry Payne Whitney's twelve-horsepower racer and Mr. W. B. Oliver's touring car.

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IS IT NOT TIME that some one ordered a halt in the fashion of filling up Paris with hopeless American art students, and will you not lend the great weight of influence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY to setting forth the truth about this folly?

Time was, and it was not more than forty years ago, when there was not an American art student in the Quartier Latin. Afterward, from twenty-five to thirty years ago, a few gifted, earnest young Americans went to Paris to obtain the magic of the few masters whose ateliers were open to learners. These Americans were all men of the type of Charles Reinhardt, Cox, Weldon, Metcalfe, Mowbray, Sargent, Du Maurier of England, George Boughton—with widely differing degrees of talent possessing them, yet all enthusiastic, earnest, full of art, promising brilliant futures. These men were of such kinship in every important impulse, so earnest, so able and so high-minded that they all came together in intimate companionship. There were no drones among them, no blockheads, no mere faddists, no frauds and no hopeless failures in the coterie.

Now go to Paris, as I have been obliged to do every few weeks, and look calmly and soberly at the results of the revolution by which every town of the size of Kankakee and every so-called art school or "league" in places like Madison, Wisconsin, is sending its annual quota of foredoomed failures to study art in that capital. The result is sad, almost and often quite tragical, sickening, shameful. No longer do the American students know each other in a general and wide way. No longer can they do so. No longer does Paris respect the American student for his genius, his promise or his work.

Every one in Paris who looks on at this great crowd of unfortunates, hanging on to mere existence by insufficient food, forever waiting feverishly for the next remittance from home and never by any freak of Providence doing any single stroke with brush or pencil to justify their being considered followers of art—every looker-on, I say, marvels at the spectacle. They do not know, as you and I do, the process by which these boys and girls (mostly girls) are sorted out of over seventy million population for sacrifice upon this altar of folly. The process is easy to describe. Melonville, Indiana, has a population of fifteen thousand souls. It has two daily newspapers, a library composed of "boomed" novels, a set calling itself "the best society" which holds 5 o'clock teas, dresses and poses its members *à la* Dana Gibson's pictures, and takes up palm-reading, theosophy, bowling, bridge whist, and so on, following each craze until the next one knocks it out. Of course, Melonville, after years of contemplation of a lithograph of Millet's "Angelus," a chromo of a platitude by Millais and a "sweet" reprint of Rembrandt by himself—to say nothing of the plaster cast of the Venus of Milo in the library which tore the Baptist church into two parties and led to the building of the Second Baptist Church—after all this, it must have an art school. It has one, and Mr. Da Vinci Butt of Terre Haute, who must be an artist because he attended the Art Students' League in New York a whole winter, is salaried to preside over the new fountain of progress and polish. In order to justify his existence, Da Vinci Butt has to declare the presence of geniuses in his school, and finds this once rare gift so plentiful that he advises four of his young lady pupils and one of the masculine students to go to Paris in order to return and astonish America. Not one of the five boasts an ancestor who could do one greater stroke of art than to handle a scythe or drive a mower and reaper. Not one of the five can draw a soap-box and make it appear to stand solidly on the floor. Not one among them all has "the color sense," a correct eye, a trace of artistic instinct. Not one possesses the originality by which Gustave Doré made the most forceful pictures without being able to draw or the earnestness and patience by which Burne-Jones, artistic but a weak draughtsman, forced his hand to work the will of his genius.

A sixth and a seventh student of the Melonville Art Institute are Bertha Jones and Harold Brown. Bertha is a discontented, helpless, talentless victim of diseased egotism, and Harold in five years has been a chemist's assistant, a student of medicine, a photographer, a political orator, a novelist without a publisher, and finally an art student. It is evident that neither Bertha nor Harold are worth powder enough to blister their fingers. All Melonville hoped from this that they would prove to be born artists. They appeal to Da Vinci Butt to advise them to go to Paris with the other five, but he exercises the little conscience he has and refuses. In this last strait one of the churches sends both Harold and Bertha off to India as missionaries, and they and the art students all leave Melonville together—all equally misguided, equally hopeless, equally set against any form of hard, earnest, practical work.

Such adepts as they will become in the art of living on nothing you cannot conceive. They will get living down to an egg and a glass of milk each morning, a one-franc dinner of horse meat, or tripe and park sparrows at night, and a gluttonous three-franc feast once a month when the remittance comes from home. As a very last resource, adopted in several cases that I have personally known, when their hard-upness reaches the stage of desperate need, they will yield to the offers of some male student who is equally destitute and the two will marry upon the rockbound, cast-iron principle that "two can live more cheaply than one."

These students work hard at their futile task, but they do so in Julien's factory (they do not go to his serious school but to his popular one), at Colarossi's, and Delacluse's. It is a reproach upon Paris that at such places no standard of merit is set and whoever pays the price is encouraged—to keep on paying it. They work hard, but there their devotion to art ceases. They do not know and love art. They never have even heard the names of many of the greatest artists who are dead or who are living. Take one of these poor self-deceived students to a great gallery and they cannot tell you, while standing in the doorway, who painted this, that, and the other picture, as a true artist can by his familiarity with the technique of all the masters. Follow these students to a café, and you will find that they do not "talk art"—the only subject upon which your genuine artist cares to hear himself or others. They talk the gossip of the school and of their set, or else discuss automobiles or the shortest way from Montparnasse to "Cook's" on the Avenue de l'Opera. They live upon misplaced egotism fanned by the flattery of their comrades, and they follow art because it is "poetic" and "romantic" and "fascinating" and "it is so sweet to be an artist."

Paris, to an artist, to an enthusiast, to a sincere worker, is a synonym for Paradise. Its vices do not harm such zealots, its wickedness takes no hold upon those whose minds are filled with their efforts to succeed. But Paris to the fakir, the faddist and the fictitious artist is an evil, demoralizing, cancerous corner of Hades. Our American girls who go there seldom go wrong; indeed, I know of no instance where they have done so. But they grow accustomed to that which is impure, wise in what it cannot do them—or any one—any good to know. They are far from being bettered in any way by the time they fool away in deceiving themselves and disappointing their people at home. It is time that some one told the plain truth, bluntly, that America stands alone in sending an annual regiment, or two regiments, of hopeless incompetents to study art in Paris.

JULIAN RALPH

FOOD

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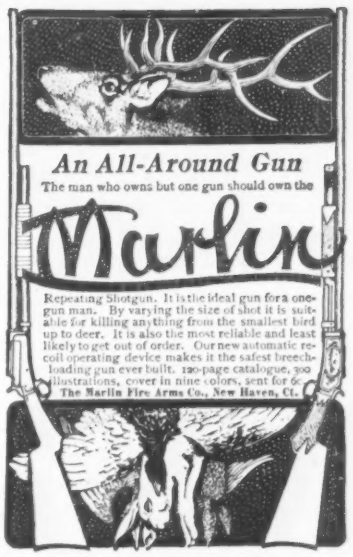

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